

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

# ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 68. [REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, MARCH 19th, 1898.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,  
BY POST, 6½d.]



Photo. by H. S. MENDELSSOHN,

MRS. H. HUXLEY AND CHILDREN.

Pembroke Crescent, W.



AMONG other advantages which Canada offers to the sportsman is the fairly even distribution of game in its immense forest region. The unity of general landscape and soil in the central and eastern belt, to which we referred in a previous article, encouraged the increase of the same animals over thousands of square miles of forest. This ancient balance of Nature is less disturbed than in most new countries. The most valuable fur-bearing animals, like the beaver and the sable, were, it is true, soon "trapped out," but, with the exception of the bison, most of the other indigenous large game has contrived to hold its place, even in the forest region; while the frozen fastnesses of the barren grounds beyond the northern limit of trees probably contain as many cariboo and musk-oxen as ever. A glance at the map of the Dominion shows, among other evidence, the wide distribution of certain kinds of game. Among all the varying names of the thousand lakes, rivers, and rapids which dot and seam the great Canadian forest from the Rockies to the Atlantic, those of the same animals recur over the whole region. In the curious and historical nomenclature—names from old France, like Isle Royale, which Directories, Empires, and Republics have not had the chance to alter as



Photo. by Livernois.

A CANADIAN SHOOTING-BOX.

Copyright

they have the names of the streets of Paris; others from old England given to the settlements in the days of Wolfe; others given by Algonquins, Hurons, and Delawares, whose very language is forgotten except in the titles of rivers, lakes, and islands—the names of the moose, the beaver, the bear, and the cariboo recur with constant iteration from shore to shore.

The cariboo is the reindeer of the New World. There is

no real distinction between the two races, so far as form goes. If anything the woodland cariboo is a finer animal than the wild reindeer of Norway. How fine a creature the latter is may be gathered from Mr. Abel Chapman's "Wild Norway" and the weights and illustrations there given. Thirty-one stone is the weight recorded of more than one animal shot among the rocks and lakes of the High Norwegian fells. The horns are magnificent; those of an old bull will count as many as thirty-two points. In Norway there are tame as well as wild reindeer, which possibly lessens the attraction of reindeer stalking for sportsmen who do not know how thoroughly wild the wild reindeer of Canada is. But in the whole of North America no Indian or Esquimaux has ever thought of domesticating the cariboo. He is a superb beast of the chase, whether he roams on the barren lands or in the more southern forests. Some naturalists affect to distinguish a difference between the cariboo of the barren grounds, and that of the forests,



Photo. by Livernois.

AN EASY SHOT.

Copyright.





Photo. by Livernois.

## THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.

Copyright.

known in Canada as the "woodland cariboo." There is really no difference whatever in structure, but a very considerable distinction in habit. The barren ground cariboo lives in large herds, and leads the life of a European reindeer, feeding on mosses in summer, and migrating in great bodies to the northern fringe of the woods for the winter. On the autumn migration to the forest and during the return journey in spring the cariboo assemble in numbers recalling those of the great bison rushes of early days.

The woodland cariboo, with which the present paper is mainly concerned, is a thorough forest animal, like the moose. It lives not in large herds, but in small companies, spending most of its time in summer on the margins of the swamps and marshes. It is among the most aquatic of deer, being a fearless swimmer, and much given to using the lakes as exploring grounds for the indulgence of this fancy. Cariboo will swim from island to island on a North Canadian lake, feeding on one till the novelty has worn off, and then swimming off to explore a second. In the forest they are, during the summer, nearly the most difficult animals to approach, except, perhaps,

the moose and the mule deer. The latter frequent such thick covert that it is almost impossible to shoot them, even when the sportsman contrives to approach them. Cariboo, on the other hand, do offer a fair shot when stalked, for the woods of spruce, alder, and birch which they haunt are fairly open. More often than not the deer will be found feeding in the open patches of swamp and cranberry bog which lie in the bosom of the thicker forest. During the summer the same difficulties attend the sport of "still-hunting" cariboo, which spoil the chances of the moose hunter. The forest is too dry. All the twigs are brittle, all the dead leaves curly and crisp, and it is most difficult even for an Indian to approach game without alarming it. Later, when THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW has covered the ground and deadened all sounds in the forest, the cariboo-hunter may enjoy to the full this old Canadian sport. Not only cariboo but mule deer, and an occasional moose, will come in his way. Thus the bag is often not only a heavy one, but of very varied kind. Tracking is easy, and the camping out quite delightful. A three weeks' or month's trip to the forests is quite enough to give excellent results at this season. The kit is not heavy,

and, including the tent, can be dragged with the greatest ease on light toboggans over the snow-covered trails. Our third illustration shows kit, costume, and the light and airy methods of Canadian camping in the still early days of winter. Cariboo are then in the very best condition. After November the bulls shed their horns; but by that time the cold and depth of snow make hunting and camping out a more serious undertaking. They are still found even across the United States border, in the State of Maine, and are far more numerous there than they were twenty years ago.

It is noted that though the Canadian reindeer are difficult to approach, they often seem quite confused by a sudden shot, and will run together and wait before making off, as if trying to ascertain the direction of the enemy. This gives a chance of bagging two



Photo. by Livernois.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Copyright.

or three in a few seconds. A comfortable and even luxurious mode of still-hunting in snow time is to have a permanent log hut at some central spot. This forms A CANADIAN SHOOTING-BOX, to which all trophies can be brought, and where any sudden change of weather can be set at defiance. With this as a centre the party can divide daily, leaving a hired man to keep house and cook, and can be certain of warmth and comfort on the return. Our illustration shows the results of a most successful day after cariboo. The skin of one deer, with its antlers, can be packed and carried by the hunter; but more numerous trophies are left to be brought in by the toboggan. The pile of skins and antlers in the centre, with cariboo horns and skins at the sides, and the head of a mule deer on the top, show that the bag has been a heavy one. The venison of the cariboo is far better, in our opinion, than that of the mule deer, which is somewhat dry, and lacks fat. The dimensions of the woodland cariboo bull are:—Length, from nose to root of tail, 6ft. 7in.; height at shoulder, 4ft. 5in.; estimated weight, 400lb. (or more). The maximum number of points—in a specimen in the British Museum—is forty-seven. Both male and female

carry antlers. The cariboo will maintain itself for many years to come. In deep snow there is no chance of running it down on snow-shoes, like the moose, for its power of travelling over loose or crusted snow, bogs, or broken ground is extraordinary. The mule deer also keep up their numbers, though they are more easily approached in snow time. AN EASY SHOT at a deer looking out from behind a mass of snow shows the luck which sometimes befalls the stalker in such weather. The whole of the undergrowth becomes covered with snow, and while threading his way between these dazzling dusty walls the sportsman often finds himself face to face with game before either hunter or hunted has the slightest expectation of a meeting.

HOMEWARD BOUND gives the last scene, when the last camp fire has been extinguished. The hunters are back on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, across which the heights of Quebec shine faintly in the snow-dazzle. The deer skins and some of the venison are packed on the toboggans, and, wrapped in cold-proof furs, the sportsmen are waiting for the boat to ferry them back to town and work again.

## Coursing at Carmichael and Elsewhere.—II.

**O**CCASION has already been taken to say that coursing is in large measure an artificial sport, although the factors which go to the making of it are of the simplest and most elementary kind. We pit two dogs—since Arrian wrote of coursing that has been the invariable rule and limit—of wonderful swiftness and speed, against the timid hare; and the hare, in her turn, is not only of singular stoutness and swiftness, but also quick to twist and double, and cunning in taking advantage of every contour of the ground that may favour her. The artificiality comes in because a twofold object is pursued. We not only pit the greyhounds against the hare, but also the greyhounds against one another. The desire of the primeval savage to obtain his meat as quickly as possible, the passion for taking advantage of a fine day to go out and kill something, are not eradicated; but they are subordinated. The end of public coursing is, out of a group of competing dogs to select, by a long process of winnowing, that greyhound which is absolutely



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

ANSTRUTHER'S LOT.

Copyright.

the best according to established canons of judgment. Far be it from me to impugn those canons; indeed, I do not see how they could be improved upon for purposes of public competition. But a moment's reflection upon the elaborate rules on which

the judge must act with lightning promptitude shows that the points of excellence in a greyhound are all of them physical, and that intelligence in a greyhound not only counts for nothing, but for considerably less than nothing. We encourage a foxhound to use his brain; his capacity to cast forward is one of his chief virtues. But the less a greyhound uses his intelligence the more likely he is to win prizes; and he has no sooner begun to apply those qualities of observation and memory which he undoubtedly possesses, and to study the nature of hares, than he is said to have begun to run cunning, and becomes useless for purposes of competition. Nor, in truth, when a greyhound has once acquired this fatal craftiness, and has allowed his brain to act, will he continue to show warrantable sport in private, though he will work havoc among the hares if he is taken out after



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

READY FOR SLIPPING.

Copyright.



them. He gets to know his country; he reflects upon the ways of puss, and over her tendency, well known to the human poacher, to run for gateways, and not to take a direct line across country. I have often seen a hare run round three sides of a big field before finding the gateway, and I have known a greyhound, who had run many a gallant course in his day, to cut her off ignobly and ignominiously, having shown no course at all. To see this done is no sport, and not enjoyable. It is in watching the hurricane swiftness of the greyhounds, in gazing as they flash over the ground, looking like a streak of glancing light, in following the turn and the wrench, in looking at them as they fence, that keen delight comes. For my part, I know no more fascinating spectacle, for a greyhound in full stretch is the very embodiment of glorious speed. The pity of it is that even the best of greyhounds are rarely born fools, and with all of them, soon or late, comes the time when observation teaches them that the laws of coursing made by man for the sake of securing an exhilarating spectacle are not framed with the object of killing the greatest number of hares in the shortest time, and with the least exertion possible.

I often think that the old greyhound's feeling towards the gallant sapling who runs honestly must be similar to that of the born mountaineer towards the hill-climbing enthusiast. The mountaineer ascends a mountain with a definite object, or not at all; when he ascends he chooses the easiest and safest path; he is contemptuous of the amateur who scrambles for sheer love of

home was on an island, and since it could not have crossed the sea by the railway bridge, which is tubular and carefully watched night and day, it must have crossed by the only other bridge existing, which is a mile and a-half away and would take it home by a direct but wholly different route.

It may be suspected, however, that the greyhounds which provided Mr. Dixon with his stories were not brought up in the orthodox fashion. One guesses that they were allowed to enjoy their liberty, and that they were much in the company of their respective masters or mistresses; for it is a first principle of canine science that the more the dog sees of man the shrewder he grows. Intelligence, in fact, is the direct result of companionship. On the other hand, in training a greyhound for public coursing, attention must be directed primarily to the development of his physical qualities; and it seems to me, the longer his brain can be prevented from moving, the better. Stoutness of disposition must be sought for in the first place. That comes from careful breeding. Working power, swiftness of foot, and hard condition must be ensued. But the development of the brain must be thwarted. The object of training is that hares shall be coursed and killed in a particular way, which is not the way natural to the dog. At first sight it might seem that, the object being the pursuit of hares, practice might best be obtained by encouraging dogs in training to run after hares; but in truth the policy pursued is far from that which suggests itself as natural. Some greyhounds are slower than others to



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

### OFF THEY GO.

Copyright—"C.L."

sport up precipitous rocks, when there is a secure path ready to his foot. The old greyhound has much the same opinion of the dashing and straight-going sapling. He could, he thinks, teach him a trick worth two of straightforwardness. Yet the same fate hangs over the cunning old greyhound and the reckless rock climber—each is in sore danger of learning that a neck that's once broken can never be set.

It is a common delusion that greyhounds are brainless, but in truth they are nothing of the kind. Many examples of their sagacity have been chronicled by Mr. Dixon, and some of them are very striking. He quotes, for example, Mr. Jesse's account of a Stirlingshire bitch who, finding her litter of pups almost too great a strain upon her, paid a daily reward of bones to a collie whom she hired as foster-mother from an adjoining village. He mentions a greyhound who found his way home over sixty miles of unknown country from Leicestershire to Gloucestershire. Mr. Tegetmeier, who does not believe in the theory that dogs have a marvellous faculty for finding their way home, would doubtless question this story, but I do not hesitate to accept it, and, in my own experience, I can match it in point of difficulty if not in point of distance. A fox-terrier puppy was sent to me in a basket. It had been driven five miles to the railway station, it had travelled twenty miles by rail, the rail had crossed an arm of the sea, and my house was about a mile from the station of arrival. Nevertheless, that puppy escaped the next day, and found its way home—how, no man could ever discover, for its

acquire the intelligent vice of running cunning; thus that wonder, Master M'Grath, who won the Waterloo Cup three times for Lord Lurgan, was slow to fall into evil ways. But it seems pretty clear that every hare a greyhound is permitted to see is a step downwards along the path that ends in "running cunning" and the halter. Therefore a great part of the exercise necessary is given on the road or on the turf, but without showing hares to the greyhounds. On the other hand, some hares must be shown, or the greyhounds will never learn their business at all.

"Public greyhounds," says the late Mr. Walsh, "are easily spoiled by using them too frequently, and yet they must have some amount of practice before they run in a stake, or they will inevitably be beaten from awkwardness." Of course, too, greyhounds vary in degrees of intelligence, so that one will need to see more hares than another before he knows his business. In fact it is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule or to give definite directions, and the advice given as to the training of greyhounds is as tantalising and exasperating as that which expert gardeners give on the subject of watering. "Water," say the monitors, "neither too much nor too little." "Show," say the trainers, "some hares, but not too many." This amounts only to saying "Do the right thing." You will know, when you have failed, that you have gone wrong. In such advice there is no great service; but it is the best that can be given.

CANICULUS.



IN accordance with the wish of Maurice, they returned the next day to Brayfield and settled into the house that was to be their home. It stood on a low cliff overlooking the sea. A broad green lawn, on which during the season a band played and people promenaded, lay in front of it. Beyond, the waves danced in the sunshine. The situation of the house was almost absurdly cheerful, and the house itself was new and prettily furnished. But the life into which Lily entered was strangely at variance with the surroundings, strangely antagonistic to the brightness of the sea, the sweetness of the air, the holiday gaiety that pervaded the little town in the summer. For work did not abolish, did not even lull, the sound of the voice that pursued Maurice with an inexorable persistence. It was obvious that on his return home after the honeymoon he made a tremendous effort to get the better of his enemy. He called up all his manhood, all his strength of character. He refused to hear the voice. When it cried in his ears he went to sit with Lily, and plunged into conversation on subjects that interested them both. He made her play to him or sing to him in the twilight. He read aloud to her. This was at night. By day he worked unremittingly. When he was not driving to see patients he laboured to increase his knowledge of medicine. He pursued the most subtle investigations into the causes of obscure diseases, and specially directed his enquiries towards the pathology of the brain. He analysed the multitudinous developments of madness and traced them back to their beginnings, and when, as was often the case, he discovered that the mad man or woman whose malady was laid bare to him had inherited this curse of humanity, he smiled with a momentary thrill of joy. His ancestors on both sides of the family had been sane. Yet one of the commonest, most invariable delusions of the insane was the imaginary idea that they were pursued by voices, ordering them to do this or that, suggesting crimes to them or weeping in their ears over some tragedy of the past. Maurice knew that the mind which does not inherit a legacy of insanity may yet be overturned by some terrible incident, by a great shock or by an unexpected bereavement. But surely such a mind would be aware of its transformation, even as a man who from an accident becomes disfigured is aware of the alteration of his face from beauty to desolation. Maurice was not aware that his mind had been transformed. Deliberately, calmly, he asked himself "Am I insane?" Deliberately, calmly, his soul answered "No." Yet the cry of the child rang in his ears, pursued his goings out and comings in, filled his days with lamentation and his nights with horror.

Then, leaving the subject of madness, Maurice began to institute a close investigation into the subject of alleged hauntings of human beings by apparitions and by sounds. He read of the actress whose destroyed lover remained for ever with her, manifesting his presence, although invisible, by cries, curses, and clappings of the hands. He read of the clergyman who was haunted by the footsteps of his murdered sweetheart, which even ascended the pulpit stairs behind him, and pattered furtively about him when he knelt to pray for pardon of his sin. He filled his mind with visionary terrors, but they seemed remote or even ridiculous to him, and he said to himself that they were the clever inventions of imaginative people. They were worked up. They were moulded into conventional stories. They pleased the magazines of their time. He alone was really haunted of all men in the world so far as he knew. And then a great and greedy desire came upon him to meet some other man in a like case, to hear from live lips the true and undecorated history of a despair like his own, one of those bald and terse narratives which pierce the imagination of the hearer like a sword with no tinsel-scarb of exaggeration and of lies. He wondered whether upon the earth a man walked in a darkness similar to that which fell round him like a veil. He wondered whether he was unique, even as he felt. Sometimes he caught himself looking furtively at a harmless stranger, a bright girl tanned by the sea, or a lad just back from a fishing excursion to Raynor's Bay, and saying to himself low and drearily, "Does any spirit trouble you, I wonder? Does any spirit cry to you in the night?" But neither his work, his excursions of the imagination, nor the presence of Lily in his house, availed to cleanse the life

of Maurice from the stain of sound, that ever widened and spread upon it. He fought for freedom for a time strenuously, with all his

heart and soul. But the lost battle left him with his energies exhausted, his courage broken. One night he said to Lily, "Do you know all I have been doing since we came back here?"

"Yes, Maurice, I know."

"And that it has all been in vain?" he said, with a passion of bitterness that he could not try to conceal.

"That, too, I understand. Maurice, I knew it would be in vain."

He looked at her almost as at an enemy, for his heart was so full of misery, his mind was so worn with weariness, that he began to lose the true appreciation of human relations, and to confuse the beauty near him with the ugliness that companioned him so closely.

"You knew it? What do you mean?" he said. "How could you know it?"

"I felt it. Maurice, do not try any longer to work out alone your own redemption."

"You can say that to me?"

"Yes, for I believe that it is useless—you will fail."

He set his lips together and said nothing. But a frown distorted his face slowly.

"Leave your redemption to God. Oh, Maurice, leave it," Lily said, and there were tears in her eyes. "If this cry of the dead child is His punishment to you, it must—it will endure so long as He pleases. Your efforts cannot still it now. You yourself told me so once."

"I told you?"

"Yes—for the dead are beyond our hands and our lips. We cannot clasp them. We cannot kiss them. We cannot speak to them."

"But they can speak to us and mock us. You are right. I can't still the cry—I can't. Then it's all over with me!"

Suddenly with a sob Maurice flung himself down. He felt as if something within him snapped, and as if straightway a dissolution of all the man in him succeeded this rupture of the spirit. Careless of the pride of man, before the world and even in his own home, he gave himself up to a despair that was too weak to be frantic, too complete to be angry, a despair that no longer strove but yielded, that lay down in the dust and wept. Then, presently, raising his head and seeing Lily, in whose eyes were tears of pity, Maurice was seized with an enmity against her, unreasonably wicked, but suddenly so vehement that he did not try to resist it.

"You have broken me," he said. "You have told me that there is no redemption, that I am in the hands of God—who persecutes me. You have told me the truth and made me hate you."

"Maurice!"

The cry came from her lips faintly, but there was the ring of anguish in it.

"It is so," he repeated doggedly. "And indeed I believe that you have added to the weight of my burden. Since we have been married the persecution has increased. Once, when I was alone, I could bear it. Now you are here I cannot bear it. The child hates you—when you are near—in the night—its cry is so intense that I wonder you can sleep. Yet I hear your quiet breathing. You say you love me. Then why are you so calm? Why do you tell me to trust? Why do you hint that I may yet find peace, and then tell me to cease from working for my own peace? You don't love me; you laugh at my trouble. You despise me."

He burst out of the room almost like a man demented.

It might be supposed that Lily, who loved him, would have been overwhelmed by this ecstasy of anger against her. But there was something that sheathed her heart from death. She might be wounded. She might suffer. But she looked beyond the present time, over the desert of her fate to roses of a future that Maurice in his misery could not see, in his self-engrossment could not divine. There is no living thing that understands how to wait, that can feel the beauty of patience, as a woman understands and feels. The curious depth of calm in Lily,



which irritated Maurice, was created by a faith, half religious, half unreasoning, wholly strong and determined, such as no man ever knows in quite the same fullness as a woman. It is such a perfection of faith which gilds the silences in which the souls of many women wait, surrounded by the clouds of apparently shattered lives, but conscious that there is a great outcome, obscure and remote, but certain as the purpose which beats for ever in Creation.

From that day Maurice no longer kept up a pretence of energy, or a simulation of even tolerable happiness in his home. The idea that the spirit of the dead child was stirred to an intense disquietude by his connection with Lily, and that consequently his marriage had deepened his punishment, grew in him until at length it became fixed. He brooded over it for hours together, his ears full of that eternal complaining. He began to feel that by linking himself with Lily he had added to his original sin, that his wedding had been a ceremony almost criminal, and that if he had scourged himself by living ascetically, and by putting rigorously away from him all earthly happiness, he might at last have laid the child to rest, and found peace and forgiveness himself. And this fixed idea led him to shut Lily entirely out from his heart. He looked upon the fate of her being with him in the house as irrevocable. But he resolved that he ought to disassociate himself from her as far as possible, and without explaining further to her the thought that now possessed him, he ceased to sit with her, ceased to walk out with her.

After dinner at night he retired to his study, leaving her alone in the drawing-room. He let her go up to bed without bidding her good night. When he was obliged to be with her at meals he maintained for the most part an obstinate silence.

Yet the cry of the child grew louder. The spirit of the child was not mollified. Its persecution continued and seemed to him to grow more persistent with each passing day.

What else could he do? How could he separate himself more completely from Lily?

Canon Alston came one day to solve this problem for him. The Canon had resolved on taking a holiday, and, being no lover of solitude in his pleasures, he wished to persuade Maurice to become a grass-widower for three weeks.

"Can you let Lily go?" he said. "I know it is a shame to leave you alone, but—"

He stopped, surprised at the sudden brightness that had come into Maurice's usually pale and grave face. Maurice saw his astonishment and hastened to allay it.

"I shall miss Lily, of course," he began. "Still, if you want her and she is anxious to go—"

"I have not mentioned it to her," the Canon said.

And at this moment Lily came into the room. The project was laid before her. She hesitated, looking from her father to her husband. Her perplexity seemed to both the men curiously acute, even to Maurice who was on fire to hear her decision. The prospect of solitude was sweet to his tormented heart now that he was possessed by the fancy that Lily's presence intensified his martyrdom. Yet Lily's obvious disturbance of mind surprised him. The two courses open to her were really so simple that there seemed no possible reason why she should look upon the taking of one of them as a momentous matter.

"Well, Lily, what do you say?" the Canon asked, after a pause. "Will you come with me?"

"But Maurice—"

"Maurice permits it, and I want you."

"I—I had not meant to leave home at present, father, not till after—"

She stopped abruptly.

"Till after what, my dear?" inquired the Canon.

She made no answer.

"Lily," Maurice said, trying to make his voice cool and indifferent, "I think you ought to go. It will do you

good. Do not mind me. I shall manage very well for a little while."

"You would rather I went, Maurice?"

"I think we ought not to let your father go on his holiday alone."

"I will go," she said, quietly.

So it was arranged. The Canon was jubilant at the prospect of his daughter's company, and asked her where they should travel.

"What do you say to the English lakes, Lily?" he asked; "they are lovely at this time of year, and the rush of the tourist season has scarcely begun. Shall we go there?"

"Wherever you like, father," she said.

The Canon was feeling too gay to notice the preoccupation of her manner, the ungirlish gravity of her voice. That day, in the evening, when she was at dinner with Maurice, Lily said:

"You lived near the lakes once, didn't you, Maurice?"

"Yes," he said.

"What was the name of the valley?"

He told her.

"And the house?"

"End Cottage. It was close to the waterfall. I hate it," he added, almost fiercely. "It was there that I first heard—but I have told you."

He relapsed into silence, and sent away the food on his plate untasted. Lily glanced across at him. But she said nothing more. And Maurice was struck by the consciousness that she took his strangeness strangely, with a lack of curiosity, a lack of protestation unlike a woman. Almost for the first time since they were married he was moved to wonder how much she loved him, indeed, whether she still loved him at all. He had got up from the dinner table, and stood with one hand leaning upon it as he looked steadily, with his heavy and hunted eyes, across at Lily.

"Are you glad to go with the Canon?" he asked.

"I am quite ready to go," she said, quietly.

"You don't mind leaving me?"

"I think you wish me to leave you—"

"Perhaps I do," he said, watching her to see if she winced at the words.

But her face was still and calm.

"What then?"

"Then it is better for me to go for a little while than to stay."

"For a little while," he repeated; "yes."

He turned and went slowly out of the room, and suddenly his face was distorted, for, in the darkness of the hall, he heard the child crying and lamenting. He stopped and listened to it, like a man who resolutely faces his destruction, and, as so many times, he asked himself, "Is this a freak of my imagination, a trick of my nerves?" No, the sound was surely real, was close to him. It thrilled in his ears keenly. He could not doubt its reality, yet he acknowledged to himself that he could not actually locate it. Only in that respect did it differ from other sounds of earth. As he stood in the half darkness listening, a horror, greater than he had ever felt before, came over him. The cry seemed to him menacing, no longer merely a cry for sympathy, for assistance, no longer merely the cry of a helpless creature in pain. He turned white and sick, and clapped his two hands to his ears. And just as he did so the dining-room door opened and Lily came out, a thin stream of light following her and falling upon Maurice. He started at the vision of her and at the revealing illumination. His nerves were quivering. His whole body seemed to vibrate.

"Don't come near me," he cried out to Lily. "It is worse since you are with me. Your presence makes my danger. Ah!"

And with a cry he dashed into his study, banging the door behind him, as if he fled from her.

(To be continued.)

## HIND-HUNTING.—II.

QUITE apart from the great sport of hunting the wild red deer, the region of the Quantock Hills, hallowed by memories of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, and abounding in old churches and ancient halls, possesses many attractions; but to not a few those attractions are brought into play and heightened by the chase of the stag and hind. To many, the time of the former is preferable; for though the hills and coombes and copses and dells are very beautiful when swathed in snow wreaths, fusilladed by hail storms, swept by sheets of gelid rain, or toned by softly veiling torrents of persistent suaver moisture, it is more convenient to visit the district what time the scented heather is aglow, and sunlight illumines the spreading boscaige and verdure.

All the quaintness, all the rich rurality, all the shifting scene of light and shade on sea and moor and hill and woodland—the sweetness of the heights, the softness of the vales,

and the grey charms of ancient masonry—would be unknown to hundreds of "up-country" folk and others but for the restless bait held out by the possibilities associated with stag and hind, and horn and hound.

The wild red deer roamed free over the Quantock Hills, as they did over the Forest of Exmoor and well-nigh all over the twin counties of Devon and Somerset, in the days of Hugh Pollard, Queen Elizabeth's ranger of Exmoor. Indeed, the present deer are lineal descendants of the herds haunting the country when the Norman hunters came and settled in these venatic islands, their far earlier forbears most probably constituting the quarry of our British ancestors who took the field against the antlered monarch or his agile consort, resplendent in coats of blue woad, closer fitting than the orthodox "pink" habit of the chase. Quite in modern times, however, the growth of population and high farming, together with concomitant

enclosing, fencing, and deforesting, drove the Western deer into the comparatively restricted, or isolated, area of Exmoor proper; and for some years the Quantocks were shorn of the adornment of the wild stag and hind, for the red deer in St. Audries Park were neither strictly wild nor huntable.

Then, considerably over twenty years ago, the late Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick Bisset ("The General"), taking up his residence at Bagborough, reintroduced the deer to the Quantock portion of their old Somerset domain, and, fostering the herd with great care and assiduity, was enabled after a close time of several seasons' duration to hunt and kill a few head during his lifetime and *régime*, and now they are so plentiful that stags are there killed each autumn and hinds each winter or spring.

Indeed, the deer are so abundant in the wooded depths of the hills, and so destructive upon the farms widely spread around, that they are regarded by not a few farmers, whose sporting zeal is perforce damped by the pressure of bad times, as somewhat too plentiful.

And so we come to the present time and seasons, the season of stag-hunting in August, September, or October, and that of hind-hunting either before or after Christmas, or both, according to circumstances, mainly dependent on the exigencies of the campaign on Exmoor; for at least twice a year the Devon and Somerset Staghounds—pack, horses, huntsman, whipper-in, second horsemen, and other attendants—migrate for about a week from the headquarters at Exford to Bagborough, in the Quantocks, where the *équipage* (to use a fitting French term of *venerie*) is housed, stabled, and entertained by Mrs. Bisset.

A former Master almost felt obliged to give up hunting the Quantocks, to the great apprehension of local and other sportsmen, but now there is little fear of such a narrowing curtailment, as the establishing of Sir John Amory's pack to hunt the Tiverton country greatly facilitates the operations of the Master of the Devon and Somerset.

Quantock stag-hunting is a highly spectacular affair. Hordes of people, mounted, on wheels, and afoot, spread themselves over the backbone of the hills. Headed and mobbed and howled at by a throng collected from too contiguous towns, the deer, roused from the depths of Cockercombe, Danesborough, Seven Wells, Butterfly Coombe, and other sylvan harbourage, well-nigh invariably make for the northern extremity of the range and the sea, in the vicinity of St. Audries, running the gauntlet of horsemen and foot-people, posted all along the prospective route of the chase, and handicapped by all those artificial draw-



Photo. Scott and Son,

A MEET ON THE QUANTOCKS.

Exeter.

backs which are absent on the spacious wildness and inaccessibility of the forest. For these reasons, and because of the enclosed country beside and below the hills, and also owing to their lack of being driven to distant points, either by foraging needs or the constant incentive of escaping from the harrying of pursuit, stags very rarely indeed leave the heights and show a really good run. Usually the sport resolves itself into a more or less rapid procession along the ridge, from Triscombe Stone, Will's Neck, or the ancient camp of Danesborough, to Watchet, East Quantoxhead, St. Audries, or Kilve—a six or seven mile point, possibly.

Then the chase of the hind is sometimes a miniature representation of the forest version; at others, something very fine and large. The assemblage is smaller and more sporting than that of September. Ever stouter and lighter and more enduring than the stags, these Quantock hinds, when they are compelled to leave the hills and the comparative safety of the company of their fellows, now and again provide a run fit to be compared with some of the most lengthy and severe of Exmoor chases. When a hind does sink to the vale, either east or west, cross-country work of a rapid and rigorous order is likely to ensue. To the eastward towards Stowey and Stogursey, towards Enmore and Bridgwater, or towards Kingston and Cheddon Fitzpaine, are well-fenced enclosures, great banks, and rhenes, deep and wide, sufficient to satisfy the lust of the most desperate thruster that ever hunted to ride. The big hounds then run fast, the hind is fleet, vigorous, and straight necked, and a two, three, or, perchance, four hours' chase may be looked for.

During the Mastership of Lord Ebrington a hind was driven to sea at Stert Point, beyond Stockland Bristol, within sight of Burnham—a five hours' run, covering some 25 miles as hounds



Photo. Scott and Son,

THE STAG'S LEAP, ST. AUDRIES.

Exeter.



travelled. About the same period his Lordship had a memorable hunt to Bridgewater; and at a later period a Quantock deer crossed the Stogumber vale, passed over the Brendon Hills, and sank to the Haddon coverts, in the Dulverton country—a 16-mi.e point measured straight on the map. But these occurrences so rarely befall the sportsman of the Quantocks region as to be comparable with angels' visits.

The illustrations might suggest an almost endless dissertation upon reminiscences of hunting with the Devon and Somerset, and upon the glories of the country over which the Quantock Hills stand guard.

Mr. R. A. Sanders, the Master, who has a hunting-box at Honeymead, on Exmoor, succeeded Mr. Basset in 1895. He is young, ardent, immensely popular, a fine horseman, utterly versed in the mysteries of the chase of the wild red deer, and does the thing handsomely. When hunting in the Quantocks he is usually the guest of the Hon. R. C. Trollope at Crowcombe Court, the ancestral, ancient, and noble seat of the Carews.

The pictures of the huntsman and hounds and the crowd at Bagborough Plantation and a meet at Triscombe Stone typify scenes familiar to, and popular with, thousands of men and women of all sorts and conditions. Crowcombe village, with its inn and quaint, antique cross, is well worth a visit, even when the hounds are far away upon Exmoor. At the Carew Arms here, as also at the larger and more commodious Egremont Hotel at Williton, hunting men stay when the pack migrates to Bagborough. From Crowcombe one readily ascends to the hills and the fixtures, revelling, moreover, in sweet country air, in rustic associations, and in scenery the most varied and charming. From Williton, it is a long yet pleasant jog to the meets, taking



Photo. Scott and Son,

IN CROCOMBE VILLAGE.

Exeter.

the route it is long odds on the chase causing one to retrace subsequently. Seeing that eight deer out of ten go to sea at the Watchet end of the hills, and having regard to the more spacious conveniences of Williton, there it is that visiting stag-hunters are usually found temporarily located, though one or two experienced venators are periodically accommodated, with comfort and economy, in the pretty little village at the gates of Crowcombe Park. Other pictures show the spot whence the hunted deer has often leaped down to the sea, Watchet, whence the boat is procured, St. Audries House, part of the park and deer, and the head of a stag which was killed in the conservatory at St. Audries. By the way, the grounds and grotto here (there are some fine Turners in the hall) are well worth seeing. Unfortunately the public abuse the goodness of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood by destroying his ferns and damaging his gardens and premises generally. Of course these are not hunting people, but trippers and such-like rabble. CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

## THE FLOWER ISLES OF SCILLY.

WASHED by the Western waves and perfumed with a thousand flowers are the Isles of Scilly, which tradition records are the peaks and upland pastures of the fabled land of Lyonesse, now hidden beneath the Atlantic waters. They were discovered by the Phœnicians, who probably re-shipped in their galleys the tin brought from the Cornish mines, and hence the name Cassiterides or Tin Islands, as no tin

has ever been discovered in Scilly. We are concerned in this article with the flowers of these sea-girt and wind-swept isles, where, in the lawless days of old, lived the hardy pirates of Scilly, who wrecked as fearlessly as the dreaded mariner of the neighbouring coasts.

Peace reigns in these days in Scilly, and a visit in spring is interesting and restful. The Lyonesse steamer, built expressly for the flower trade,

reaches the isles, unless beaten about by the fierce storms that sweep over the seas in the early spring, in about four hours, threading its way on calm bright days through the brown-sailed fishing smacks that make picturesque groups on the blue waters. But about forty years ago, when the ship-building trade of the Scillies had reached its zenith, many craft sailed over the sea between the isles and Penzance. St. Michael's Mount stands out clearly against the sky as the good ship follows the Cornish Coast, until, at Land's End, the steamer steers a straight course to the flower isles far out in the ocean. The Longship Lighthouse is seen, and when half the distance has been reached the Wolf Lighthouse breaks the watery surface, built upon a rock connected by a subterranean passage under the sea with the mainland. When a strong wind blows from a certain direction, a sound as of the howling of wolves is heard in the lighthouse, which proved too weird for the first keeper, who



C. J. King.

ARUM-GATHERERS IN SCILLY.

Copyright

lost his reason through the uncanny noises, not knowing from whence they came.

The isles quickly appear in view after leaving this lighthouse—a panorama of rocks, some ever submerged, some appearing only at the lowest tides, a tangled maze of peril that has brought many a fair ship to grief since before the days of the unfortunate Sir Cloudesley Shovel down to the present era of sturdy steamers. Silent witnesses of former disasters are to be found in Valhalla at Treco, where the figure-heads of many unhappy ships have been collected during the reigns of the present Lord-proprietor and his predecessor.

There are over a hundred isles, some mere rocks swept by the Atlantic, and only five are inhabited. The first island reached is St. Martin's, which is the second largest of the group, St. Mary's, in which is placed Hugh Town, the capital, possessing the most extensive area. The other inhabited islands are St. Agnes, Treco, and Bryher. St. Agnes is the most westward and rocky, and visitors should not overlook it, as the coast scenery is thoroughly characteristic. Many terrible wrecks have occurred off this rocky coast, for miles the jagged rocks cropping up—here in the form of reefs, there in solitary pinnacles—towards the Bishop Lighthouse, which in the time of storms is enveloped in the foamy spray from angry waters.

When Cornwall was made a Duchy, and granted to the King's eldest son, the Isles of Scilly were not included in the grant. A large portion formerly belonged to the Abbey of Tavistock, but in 1539 these lands passed to the Crown. There are monastic remains in some of the isles, the chief being in the Isle of Treco, where the ruined abbey is in part of the garden adjoining the residence of the present Lord-proprietor, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith. The Isle of Bryher is more famous for its potatoes than its flowers, but Sampson, the home of Armorer of Lyonesse, made famous by Sir Walter Besant, is now uninhabited.

We pass St. Martin's Isle, and seek St. Mary's, where carts are waiting for the empty flower-boxes, of which the return load in the steamer is chiefly composed. The great industry of the islands is, as one may surmise from our illustrations, the flower trade, and it owes its origin to the late Mr. Augustus Smith, uncle to the present proprietor. When the late Mr. Smith became governor he found impending ruin. Ship-building of wood was becoming a trade of the past, and sailing vessels no longer called to take in provisions and water. Smuggling and wrecking were rife until Mr. Smith instituted coastguard stations and the culture of early potatoes.

The Jersey and Guernsey men, however, watching the output from Scilly, saw a new field of enterprise opened up, and grew the finest kidney varieties, which in time ousted the old-fashioned round potatoes which the Scillonians placed faith in for finding a lucrative market. Mr. Smith, however, noticed that in some of the old gardens, and particularly around the ruins of the Abbey of Treco, a few kinds of polyanthus narcissus—such as Grande Monarque, Soleil d'Or, and Scilly White, the pure white flower sold early in the year in the London streets—grew wild. He sent a small boxful to Covent Garden Market, and was



King. PICKING THE POETS' DAFFODIL Copyright.

delighted with a return of fifteen shillings for the floral consignment. He imparted this information to Mr. William Trevellick, of Rocky Hill, St. Mary's, who quietly began to farm the flowers, this being the foundation of the now existing enormous industry.

The present proprietor extended the trade greatly, and consulted Mr. Peter Barr, the well-known daffodil grower, who advised the culture of other varieties—the doubles, poets' and star narcissi, and those splendid varieties, Golden Spur, Empress, Emperor, Horsfieldi, and favourites as precious. From January until April the flowering season extends, Soleil d'Or opening the fragrant time of flowers, followed by Scilly White, and in March the glorious Grande Monarque, which is represented in one of



C. J. King. A FIELD OF POLYANTHUS NARCISSUS (THE BUNCH-FLOWERED DAFFODIL).

Copyright.



our illustrations. This shows a field of flowers that has, so to say, got the upper hand, and expanded more quickly than the islanders could gather them.

The year 1883 marked an era in the daffodil industry. Mr. William Barr gave a lecture before a meeting of all the growers at the Castle, describing the varieties to grow and the best ways of packing the flowers. From small beginnings the industry developed into a profitable and interesting system of flower farming, until at the present time it is not unusual for fifteen or twenty tons of cut flowers to leave on a single morning, or between forty-five and sixty tons every week, as the steamers only make three journeys in the six days.

As the writer knows that many readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* are interested in the daffodils, a list of the chief kinds grown will be welcomed. Of the polyanthus, or bunch-flowered daffodils, *Soleil d'Or*, *Scilly White*, and *Grand Monarque* are favourites; the beautiful *Poets' Narcissus* (*N. poeticus ornatus*), of which we give an illustration depicting the islanders gathering in the precious harvest; *Cynosure*, the *Tenby daffodil* (*N. obvallaris*), *Barri conspicuus*, and *N. Muzart orientalis* to close the season, besides those varieties mentioned in a previous paragraph.

The flowers are put in bunches of twelve spikes, packed in shallow boxes, and all are gathered if possible in the bud, as they open fresh and fair in a cool greenhouse. As many as five dozen bunches are packed in a box 30 in. in length, 15 in. wide, and 5 in. deep. The Scillonians are now commencing to force a large quantity, and many glass-houses are being erected in the islands, the tomato crop following the narcissus.

The Scillonians have one enemy, the wind. We rejoice in the life-giving breezes that blow across the British Isles, but in the exposed "Scillies," surrounded by the Atlantic waters, the fury of wind-storms is unmerciful. The writer has witnessed their power, seeking out on their destructive errand the fields of flowers—smiling one hour in the brilliant sunshine, then laid low before a furious blast. The Scillonians declare they possess a wind besides that from the four quarters of the universe, a wind that comes straight from heaven. The daffodil fields are never more than half an acre in extent, and surrounded with high palings of laths, *Veronica* or *Escallonia macrantha* hedges, or stone walls, as shown in our illustrations, but these are not proof against a tempest of wind.

A stormy night will wreck every expanded flower and bud, but fortunately no severe gales have spent their fury upon the flower fields of Scilly during the past few years.

The writer must warn the Scillonians, however, not to forget good farming when the flowers have flown. During May and June the bulb fields are filled with weels, not unusually three



Photo. King. A FAMILY OF SCILLONIANS PACKING THEIR FLOWERS.

Copyright.

feet or four feet high, robbing, of course, the crops of proper nutriment. This careless farming may answer for a few years, but an awakening will come when it is too late to remedy an evil that should never have arisen. The farmers also plant too thickly, and we advise them to destroy their small surplus rather than depreciate the value of the crops. The daffodil has proved the Scillonians' friend, and they should take care of the golden goose which gives a golden harvest.

All the growers possess greenhouses, to open the flowers in, and their store-houses built of granite rock, in which the crops are placed for sometimes a week to retard them for various markets. This practice is, however, not encouraged by the best farmers, as it spoils the texture of the blossoms, and they fail to realise remunerative prices. The flowers are sent direct to the markets, and sold under the hammer by the box or dozen boxes. The prices vary greatly, according to the weather, from nine shillings to twelve shillings a dozen bunches to even sixpence for this quantity. An average price throughout the season is about half-a-crown, which proves profitable. They are sent on to special markets by the flower train, and the daffodils sold so reasonably now in the markets hail chiefly from the sunny isles of the Western Coast.

One of our illustrations depicts the aram gatherers cutting the great white flowers that are familiar to all who seek for bold floral decorations. Here, in sheltered marshy hollows, the plant flourishes as vigorously as in the ditches of Southern Africa. It is usual to find the flower spikes in Scilly nearly ten feet in height. Agaves, aloes, mesembryanthemums, and many warmth-loving plants flourish in the Isles of Scilly. Scarlet geraniums enrich the house fronts, and remind us of the wealth of colouring seen in Spain or Algiers, whilst the clear and deep blue sea carries our memory to the sunny Mediterranean shores, where glorious acacias in spring-time bend beneath their flowery burdens.

The Scillonians are well educated and thrifty. The late Mr. Augustus Smith made education compulsory long before it became so on the mainland, and the present proprietor has followed worthily in his predecessor's footsteps. We hope trippers and the erection of large hotels will not spoil these sunny isles. They are, in truth, isles of flowers, and therefore worthy of illustration in *COUNTRY LIFE*. On a future occasion another aspect of the isles will be considered, but the flower-farms are sufficient for the present article.

We wish the sturdy Scillonians prosperity in the future, but we must again urge them to alter their ways in culture. Their fields will become, through want of proper rotation of crops and feeding—two essentials of all good farming, bulb and otherwise—"sick," as farmers express it, of the same kind of vegetation, so to say, year after year. We write this because we love dearly these sunny isles of the Western Seas. The Channel Islanders and dwellers in other favoured Southern parts know well also the value of the English markets, and enter into strong competition.



C. J. King. LOADING CARTS WITH EMPTY FLOWER-BOXES. Copyright.



**T**HE name of Lord Harrington is a household word in the realm of sport. In his own words, "he is never so happy as when he is showing his followers a good gallop," unless indeed it be when he is coaching a team of keen youngsters at polo. It is this desire to show sport to others which makes men like Lord Harrington and the Duke of Beaufort so popular. The South Notts country which he hunts has been the scene of some good sport this season, but no better gallop has been enjoyed than the first twenty-five minutes of their gallop from Colston Bassett. This is the property of Mr. R. M. Knowles, a great friend to the three hunts, Quorn, Belvoir, and South Notts, of which the boundaries meet on his estate. On Mr. Knowles's property there are two coverts, known as the Old Gorse, and a newer one, made about 1882, called Blanche's Gorse. This was the course of the day's sport, the Bingham district, drawn blank earlier in the day, having been always more favourable to hares than foxes. Scarcely were hounds in Mr. Knowles's covert than out came the fox with the eager pack on good terms, and the Master, no less keen than his hounds, close to them. The fences made some gaps in a field which had to gallop to be with the pack, the pace leaving no time to pick places. There was no check till Hailey was reached, and then the Master and his hounds came to slower hunting, and marked a line in Langar, where they lost him.

The Belvoir on Wednesday showed that they were about to break the spell of bad fortune which has pursued them hitherto. Various influences are working to lessen the size of the fields, but this is no disadvantage to those who remain, and the sport in no way slackens. In fact, in a long hunting experience I never recollect a better March. On the way to Coston Covert there was a fox comfortably curled up in a warm furrow in a field of plough. There is a most exciting moment in hunting when you know which way a fox has gone and watch hounds brought on to his line. Then you will know whether there is a scent or not. Sometimes the pack will sweep over the line, apparently quite unconscious of there having been a fox there at all. No scent, you say. Or, again, as they touch the line a thrill passes through the pack, and, with a series of eager whimpers, they drive forward silently. A burning scent, you say. More often one or two fine-nosed hounds touch the line, and the others cluster round them like flies on sugar; the speckled mass lengthens out with a joyous chorus, which, as the pace quickens, subdues into a sort of whimpering eager chime. This means a serving scent, and that is what there was on Wednesday.

The Belvoir are a deceptive pack: they go faster on a moderate scent than some hounds do on a good one. I do not think that scent was extraordinary, so the pace was a comfortable one, but quite fast enough to make the pull we got at Sproxton Thorns—when fox and hounds were in the covert together—not unwelcome. Directly the hounds forced him out, which they did after two or three turns round, we knew that the fox had a circular mind, for he went right back over the brook, which thus came twice into the line. This was one of those good foxes that run a ring simply because there was not scent enough to drive him straight forward. I am inclined to think that in Coston Covert we changed, for hounds came straight out with a fresh-looking fox, which went to ground near Edmonsthorpe. The sport from Bitchfield with this pack was very good indeed on Friday, but I was not there. I am sorry, however, to hear that Mr. Cecil Rudkin had the bad luck to break his horse's back at the brook near Lenton. He tried to jump it, but the horse dropped his hind legs.

Friday was the turn for the Quorn to be on the country south of the Wreake. Twyford was the fixture, and twelve o'clock the hour. Tom Firr is still feeling the effects of his fall, and is not able to take his place with hounds. The Master luckily, however, is willing, and, what is more, is able to carry the horn. John o' Gaunt is the villager. It is not an easy covert for the field to get away from. I felt even in going round and slipping down over the little chain, in order to escape that narrow hand-gate which so speedily gets congested. Tilton was the landmark in front as we got sight of hounds, but the poor scent favoured the fox, and the run soon came to an end. Lord Morton's gorse gave a fox which was chopped, and the Coplow yielded an irresolute sort of animal, probably a vixen, which was quickly lost near Billesdon Village. Botany gave a fox which went past the Windmill towards Scraftoft—a most familiar line—then swept left-handed over the railway and the Leicester road towards Thurnby and on to Stoughton, where he was lost, close to the spot where Mr. Fernie's running fox escaped a week before. The line was almost exactly the same as one pursued by these hounds three seasons ago. It was a smart little gallop, and it goes without saying that the line of country was first rate.

The meet of the Southdown Foxhounds on Friday was at Tottington, an ancient hamlet, situated under the hill, two or three miles to the west of the Dyke; and although there was no great amount of scent, yet what there was seemed to be of the lasting order. This enabled us to bring off a nice hunting run, the farthest points of which, in a bee line, were distant from one another some five good miles, while the chase lasted over two hours, with, I believe, the same fox, for the one that was killed corresponded in every particular with the one viewed early in the day, although there were as usual plenty of rumours to be heard of hunted foxes having been seen proceeding in directions exactly opposite to that taken by hounds. Tottington Wood was the first covert tried, and after a somewhat long draw a fox was found; at first he seemed disinclined to leave this shelter, and made a preliminary circle before he was forced away to Old Wood. Just beyond this covert a long check occurred, and Wadsley cast around Oreham Common; here his patience was at last rewarded by a view-holloa, which set us going once more, this time in an easterly direction. After much perseverance on the part of hounds, ably assisted by their skilful huntsman, we found ourselves in the little covert which is situated to the south of Shaves Wood, where our quarry presently sought shelter. This was evidently his point, for he refused to quit it for a long time. After seeking shelter in Newtimber Wood the little bitches hunted him on to Wolstonbury Hill and Clayton. Once more at Newtimber he endeavoured to evade his pursuers by lying down, but was quickly raised, and once more crossed the road towards Danny. At this part of the run he seemed to entirely disappear, and Wadsley made several

unsuccessful casts, but after some time he was viewed again. How he could possibly have got back without being viewed still remains a mystery, but the ways of a beaten fox are often incomprehensible. We now ran on to Shaves Wood, where the fox presently fell a victim to the perseverance of the huntsman and his hard-working pack. X.

## THOROUGH-BREDS & HUNTERS.

**T**HE eleventh show of thorough-bred stallions for the Queen's Premiums at the Agricultural Hall last week must be looked upon as decidedly disappointing, while the judging was slow and tedious beyond belief. There were better horses than were shown at Nottingham in 1888, it is true, but the rank and file of those shown were only moderate, as evidenced by the fact that only 49 out of the 116 entered were sent on to the veterinary inspectors, and in some classes only the number necessary for the premiums were sent out, there being nothing in the class considered worthy of the barren honour of reserve. There was a great lack of fresh blood, and several of the old premium winners repeated their victories, and had no more difficulty in winning than they had some years ago. The handsome and nicely balanced Marioni won for the eighth year in succession; Homely, by Hermit, a trifle lacking in masculine character, and the wiry Button Park by Avontes, each took their sixth premium; Just in Time by Thunderer, his fifth; Red Eagle, by Thurio, Four Poster by Isonomy, and the Par-ci-par-la by Le Destrier all won their fourth premium.

Curley, by Royal Hampton, a bay with a lot of Hampton character, followed up his last year's win. Other winners that had one previous victory to their credit were Active Hampton, by Merry Hampton, a shapely bay with long, powerful quarters; Chibiabos, by Chittabob, who has a double cross of Stockwell, and who was the "gentleman of the party" both for appearance and action; Dermot, vastly improved since last year, and reminding one somewhat of his grandam, Charlotte Russe, by Adventurer; and a host besides.

Of the new comers, New Barns, who was shown last year, but who got nothing on that occasion, is a deep-bodied and compact chestnut, standing 15h. 3in. He has a look of his maternal great grandsire Syrian, and is very level in character. Isis, by Isobar, is a seven year old that does not show so much masculine character as he ought, and he is, moreover, light in flesh, and has drooping quarters; and Toboggan, by Marioni, is on the strong side, and lacks quality. Erskine, who is owned by Mr. Chaplin, and who is by Enterprize, is one of the most promising of the fresh ones. He is full of racing quality, has fine action, and is a nice size. It remains to be said that out of the forty-nine sent to the veterinary inspectors, there were only three rejected, and that two out of the three were possibly suffering from the result of accident instead of hereditary unsoundness. This is satisfactory enough, but taken on the whole the show of stallions was disappointing.

The Hunters' Improvement Society's show was, on the whole, a very creditable one, and some of the classes for young horses were strong ones, the quality showing an improvement on last year. The winning yearling colt was Mr. de Trafford's Lovat Mixture, by The Weaver, a handsome brown colt, nicely turned, and built like a hunter. There is something to grow to, and though some might think him a little on the leg, there was no fault to find in this particular, and it must be borne in mind that yearlings do not grow all "together," but generally make a shoot upwards and then furnish down. Mr. Raley's Red Robin, by Roseus, was the winning two year old gelding, this being his nineteenth victory, and he has never yet known defeat at the hands of one of his own age. He shows fine quality, and plenty of power, and he is a good mover. Another Yorkshire horse was the winning three year old. This was the big, well-grown Raby, by Knight of Ruby, a chestnut with beautiful shoulders and fine action, that is probably at his best. To him went the special for the best animal in the colt classes, and the challenge cup for the best animal in the classes for young stock. The winning yearling filly, like the winning colt, was by The Weaver. This is Mr. Warren's Victoria, a well-grown bay with fine action. Messrs. Johnson's elegant grey, Lady Grace, by Andrassy, was the winner in the two year old filly class. She has made a lot of improvement since last year, and is one of the right sort, built on true hunting lines. Mr. Carter's Bertha, by Havoc, was the winning three year old. She is on the strong side, like many of Havoc's stock, and is a fine mover, in which respect she also greatly resembles several of her half brothers and sisters which were shown in the young classes. Lady Grace won the special prize for the best filly from one to three years old.

RED ROVER.



**T**HE combined show of the Collie and Old English Sheepdog Clubs held last week in the west corridor at the Crystal Palace was one of the most successful of the long series. The entry was not however a large one, and several prominent animals were not benched. Among these may be mentioned Ormskirk Emerald, Mr. A. H. Megson's £1,500 purchase; Wellesbourne Conqueror, the recognised South Country crack; and Mr. John Powers' Barwell Masterpiece.

The arrangements of Mr. Stanley Higgs were excellent, although the crampedness of the judging rings went all against the paces of the exhibits being tested as each judge would have liked. The whole of the west corridor might easily have been converted into judging rings, and the dogs benched no great distance away, without the least inconvenience. In this case there would have been ample room for the action of all exhibits to be put through a thorough test. As it was the efforts of owners to show that their dogs were not cripples were in some of the larger classes very funny indeed. As was only to be expected, the attendance was exceedingly representative, nearly every prominent Collie breeder in the country being present during judging.

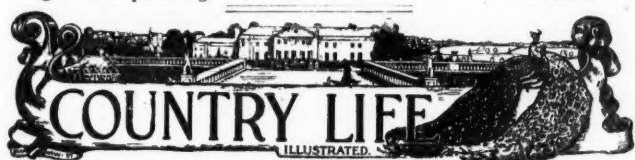
The most interesting class in Collies was that in which Rightaway, the finest



tri-colour of the day, and Southport Perfection, who for years has been quite at the top of the tree in sable and whites, met. The older dog, who for some months had been in retirement, looked in wonderful trim, one very well-known authority actually asking Mr. Megson what new puppy he was handling. His curly tail will, however, always be against him, but in general Collie characteristics he still requires all the beating the very best can give him. He is not, however, a good shower, being very sluggish in the ring, and in this important respect afforded a strong contrast to the Scottish dog. Rightaway was, however, shown far too gross in condition and will be all the better for a long spell of hard exercise. At present he is in very profuse coat and in fine health, but he was, on the day, handsomely beaten by Southport Perfection and Moreton Coroner, the latter a very rich sable shown by Mr. H. H. Jones of Leamington, who is well deserving of success. Perfection also won the dog championship and the club cup, thus following up last year's win of his kennel mate Ormskirk Emerald. The feature of the bitch section was the reappearance of Wellesbourne Pride, who added a championship to her previous honours, and the *début* in the South of Mr. T. H. Stretch's Ormskirk Ideal, a tri-colour of very distinct merit.

A happy little family are the Old English Sheepdog men, and in another part of the corridor Dr. Boit speedily made the awards in the few classes apportioned the shaggy relative of the Collie. Comparatively little interest was taken in this section of the show, and as everyone expected, championships were awarded Sir Ethelwolf and Lady Scaramouche, the owner of the latter, Mr. H. Dickson of Streatham, also bringing out once more the veteran Harkaway. Of the young stock not previously so well known, Madame Louise, benched by Mr. Brand of Ken'ey, and Sir Jacob, the property of the hon. secretary of the club, were among the most promising.

BIRKDALE.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Mrs. H. Huxley and Children ... ..	321
Camp Fires in Canada.—III. (Illustrated) ... ..	322
Coursing at Carmichael and Elsewhere.—II. (Illustrated) ... ..	324
The Cry of the Child.—Part II. ... ..	326
Wind-Hunting.—II. (Illustrated) ... ..	327
The Flower Isles of Scilly. (Illustrated) ... ..	329
O'er Field and Furrow ... ..	332
Thorough-breds and Hunters ... ..	332
Kennel Notes ... ..	332
Hunter Stallions ... ..	333
Country Notes ... ..	334
Gardens Old and New: The Royal Gardens, Kew. (Illustrated) ... ..	336
On the Green ... ..	339
Literary Notes ... ..	339
Cycling Notes ... ..	340
In Town: "The Sea Flower" ... ..	340
Dramatic Notes. (Illustrated) ... ..	341
The Late Earl of Bradford. (Illustrated) ... ..	342
Between the Flags ... ..	342
Tattersalls. (Illustrated) ... ..	343
Racing in South Africa. (Illustrated) ... ..	344
Sporting Records on China ... ..	344
A Well-known Polo Pony. (Illustrated) ... ..	345
Golf Links.—II. Prestwick. (Illustrated) ... ..	345
Books of the Day ... ..	347
Ancient Mills: The Decay of Wind-mills. (Illustrated) ... ..	348
In the Garden. (Illustrated) ... ..	349
The End of a Long Run. (Illustrated) ... ..	350
Correspondence ... ..	350
The Beavers in Sussex. (Illustrated) ... ..	351
Notes from My Diary. (Illustrated) ... ..	351, x.

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

It must be distinctly understood that no one will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted, or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE for reproduction.

## Hunter Stallions.

THERE can be no more interesting subject to the true sportsman and lover of horses than that of breeding hunters; and we are not at all surprised that our recent article on this subject should have called forth a letter from a

distinguished horseman, as well as the long and interesting reply which appeared in these columns on the 26th of last month. On most points of the argument we are evidently at one with the latter, though we fear that we are hopelessly divided on the important matter of blood. We always have believed, and always shall, that pure blood is before all things necessary in founding a hunter breed; blood combined with certain other qualities, no doubt, but blood, the pure undefiled blood of the Stud Book. We can remember a great many very good horses being bred in Yorkshire in days gone by which were not in the Stud Book—Hesper came of this stock for one—but the blot on their escutcheons was a very long way back, and they were so bred for the express purpose of claiming the allowance to which half-breds were usually entitled in those days. New Oswestry was a half-bred, but he was the best hunter sire that ever breathed, and there have been many more cases of the same sort. They had no more impurity than was necessary as a qualification. It is not horses such as these that we wish to see barred, but the real "cocktail" of immediate plebeian blood on one side or the other. "G. R. F." thinks that there is no certainty of breeding high-class weight-carrying hunters from "thorough-bred race-horses," and also that it can only be done by producing "a breed of hunters got by hunter sires out of hunter mares." On both points we agree with him. There is no certainty in breeding anything. All we say is that there is a hundred-fold more chance of breeding what is wanted from pure blood than from impure. Again, no one could be so foolish as to deny that in breeding hunters, hunter sires and hunter mares should be used. What we say is, that they should be thorough-bred—not necessarily "thorough-bred race-horses," be it observed. On the contrary, let them be as slow as they like, so long as they have the requisite hunter points; but of pure blood they must be, or you will not produce many "high-class weight-carrying hunters." The fact of a stallion having an impure strain in him does not necessarily make him a "hunter sire," and will probably be the cause of his getting some very unexpected and undesirable results. It is equally true, as our correspondent says, that "the thorough-bred is not necessarily a hunter, be his blood ever so blue," but neither is the half-bred, be his blood ever so muddy. One of the best hunters that ever we saw was by a thorough-bred horse out of an Exmoor pony. Had he been a stallion he would have been a typical hunter sire as far as his appearance and performances went, but had he been used as such he would probably have got half his stock as unlike himself as possible.

For the last 200 years we have been breeding race-horses for speed alone, and we have got it. Had we, during all that time, been breeding for substance and power, we should have got them too. So in the future; if we select pure-bred horses and mares for their hunter-like shapes, we shall in a very few years get the sort of horse which we want, and which is so well described by "G. R. F." It cannot be done in one generation, or two, of course, but it will be produced very much more quickly in this way than it ever will by using impure blood, because the disappointments will not be nearly so many, and the longer we go on the more certain the results will become. The admirers of hackneys claim for them that they have been evolved from pure blood. Whether this is so or not cannot be pronounced with certainty, but if so, why not hunters too? As to the cost of weight-carrying thorough-bred hunters, that is altogether beside the point. There must always be hunting men wanting horses up to 15st. or 16st. who cannot afford to pay big prices. These must be content with inferior animals, of course—many men who would like to do so cannot hunt at all—but that is no reason why we should aim at a lower type of animal when we are trying to establish a race that will breed true. Neither do we agree with those who say that it would cost more to establish a hunter breed of pure blood than one of doubtful parentage. There are any number of thorough-breds produced every year that cannot win races, and therefore have no value as race-horses. These can usually be bought cheaply, and we have known some rare good hunters and steeplechasers bred from powerful big-boned bloodstock picked up like this.

The Hunters' Improvement Society are no doubt doing a vast deal of good, and their efforts may lead to the annual production of an increased number of good hunters. We therefore wish them all success, but at the same time we are absolutely certain that they will never succeed in founding a breed of hunters that will breed true to type by using half-bred stock. "We require a large number of hunter sires, and we cannot get them unless we breed them." That is obviously true, but they are bred, plenty of them, every year, and all that is wanted is to select the right sort. Just such a horse is Braxholme, whom we have lately seen at the Athgarvan Lodge Stud in Ireland, a powerful, short-coupled, big-boned thorough-bred, by Brown Bread, son of Weatherbit, out of Hygeia, by Knight of Kars, two of the best jumping families in the Stud Book. But there are many more such, if men only knew where to look for them, and these are the sort of horses wanted to found a hunter Stud Book.



THERE is, it is to be feared, little use in the protests from local authorities which continue to be poured in to the Agricultural Department against sporadic muzzling. The intelligence of the Department is bovine, and therefore incapable of perceiving that, even if muzzling could stamp out rabies, a partial and local muzzling can effect no purpose. But the new dog Bill is a step in the right direction, save on one point. All dog owners would welcome registration of dogs and the bearing by dogs of a distinctive token; and it says something for the Department that it has recognised the fact that some dogs, pugs for example, cannot wear collars, and that a dachshund can slip his collar at pleasure. Most of us, to humour the faddists, would consent willingly to a short period of universal muzzling after the hunting season is over. But the power given to the ignorant policeman to seize and kill any dog whom he suspects of madness is outrageous. It is, however, merely a menace, and will no doubt be cut out of the Bill.

Few things have been more pleasant of late, if indeed the word "pleasant" be properly applicable in connection with the fact that a much-beloved personality has passed away, than to note the affectionate friendliness of terms in which Sir Richard Quain's memory has been celebrated. He rose from small beginnings, and the eminence which he reached was high. No man ever had patients of higher quality and estate; no man ever attended his patients with greater skill and care. But what all men remember is the kindness and the geniality of the great physician who has gone from us. About the Queen, to whom he was Consulting Physician Extraordinary, he probably said nothing humorous. We are not afraid of *lèse Majesté* in this country; but we respect and love the Sovereign. But about Thomas Carlyle and his fatal passion for sticky gingerbread he could be funny, and his remarks, on being interrogated concerning Lord Beaconsfield's final illness and its steps, were not free from humour. He was generous to a fault; he never knowingly charged a fee to a clergyman, a journalist, or an actor. Yet there are men of the two professions, and of the Profession, who could well afford to pay.

During this week the Earl of Arran has gone through the ceremony of investiture as a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. Half the world on this side of the Irish Channel probably thinks that this is merely a formal affair; thinks, perhaps, that the new knight simply went to the Vice-Regal Lodge and kissed hands with the Lord Lieutenant, who is the head of the Order, or something of that kind. As a matter of fact, there is no more picturesque nor old-world scene imaginable than the investiture of a Knight of St. Patrick in that beautiful hall in Dublin Castle where the banners and helms of the knights are displayed. The ceremony was accomplished in great state last August when the Duke of York was invested, and our future Sovereign never appeared to greater advantage than in the long silken robe of St. Patrick's blue on that occasion.

"The Boke called Cordyale; or the Fower Last Things," is the gem among the curious books and manuscripts to be offered for sale at Sotheby's next week. It is a rare Caxton, and if it be indeed perfect, as according to the catalogue it is, it should fetch a rare price, for the Ashburnham copy, which is not perfect, realised £760 last year. There is also, says a contemporary, "a fragment of Caxton's 'Boethius,' translated by Chaucer." We confess that we had not known Chaucer as the translator of Boethius, although it was familiar knowledge to us that Alfred the Great, whom Sir Walter Besant celebrated at Winchester a short time since, found time for a masterly translation. Alfred also, it would seem, was to Boethius as Fitzgerald to Omar.

We are indebted to the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding for communicating to us the report of Professor Sir George Brown on behalf of the veterinary inspectors with reference to the stallions submitted to them for inspection for soundness:

"Comparing the results of the veterinary examination of the Queen's Premium stallions exhibited at the present show at the Royal Agricultural Hall with the results of similar examinations at Newcastle in 1887 and Nottingham in 1888, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that a remarkable success has attended the efforts which have been made to prevent the use of animals for breeding purposes affected with hereditary diseases, such as cataract, sidebones,

ringbones, and spavin. Since that time, and especially during the past four or five years, there has been a noticeable decrease in the above-named diseases, which were at one time exceedingly common, and in the present exhibition it is satisfactory to be able to state that a critical inspection of the eyes of forty-nine horses did not reveal a single instance of cataract or other diseases of the visual organ. Further it may be observed that no instance of roaring or broken wind was discovered, although the tests applied were exceptionally severe. The total result of the veterinary inspection was the rejection of only three horses out of the forty-nine examined."

This, at any rate, will be welcome news to all.

Very soon now point-to-point steeplechases will be the order of the day. Announcements of forthcoming events of this character come in thick and fast. Thus the Bar Point-to-Point, organised by the Pegasus Club, is fixed for April 2nd at Cobham, and, as we look back to our illustrations of last year's meeting, the portrait of genial Sir Frank Lockwood reminds us that the occasion will be saddened by the memory of his loss. The Parliamentary Point-to-Point, and the Household Brigade Steeplechase, will be held in the Vale of Aylesbury in the Bicester country on March 26th. We note with pleasure that prizes are offered to farmers from the Bicester, the Whaddon Chase, and Lord Rothschild's. Saturday of next week will indeed be a great day.

The *Spectator* of last week had an interesting letter recounting the success of the Dean of Ely, when Vicar of Cranborough, in dividing his glebe into allotments. Twenty-five years have elapsed since the experiment began, and the results have been excellent. In old times able-bodied labourers were commonly compelled to have recourse to the workhouse in winter; now the community thrives all the year round. Men find themselves possessed of a little capital to invest, and one man, more prosperous than his comrades, has actually risen to be a holder of six acres. More wheat is grown on the allotments than in the whole of the rest of the parish. This has been effected without compulsion and without letting land under its price. In the great fall of rents the Cranborough glebe rents have fallen from guineas to pounds only. That is to say the development is worth encouraging, since it shows what can be done by men working on business principles. The prosperity has not been fostered artificially; it is therefore the more worthy of notice.

Organisation is clearly doing a great deal to open opportunities of enjoying sport in many lands to gentlemen who might not be able to afford either the money necessary for an independent expedition or the time required for due preparation. Thus Messrs. Lindsay of Edinburgh are now organising a scientific and sporting tour in British East Africa with the help of Mr. Hume Purdie. The expedition, which will start next month, will proceed by way of the East Coast to Mombasa and thence by the Uganda Railway and up country. The climate of the hill districts round Mount Kenia is healthy, and the game to be encountered consists of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, quaggas, koodoos, and the like; and from the book of Mr. Thomson, the well-known explorer, it is clear that the game is as abundant as it is varied.

A correspondent writes, "I note with some amusement that a farmer has been prosecuted by the R.S.P.C.A. for bleeding a sick pig by cutting his tail off 'under the mistaken impression' that the process might be salutary. My own experience is that the farmer was quite right. Some years ago I possessed two pigs which both fell ill on the same day. They became feverish, their skins grew rosy and red, they pawed the ground and the palings surrounding their sty incessantly. We were a long way from a veterinary surgeon, and I determined to treat the sufferers myself. Pig A I left to Nature; pig B I dosed well with brimstone and treacle and bled by cutting off the tip of his tail. It did not seem to hurt him much, certainly not half as much as ringing him, and when I thought he ought to be bled again, I cut off another piece. Dame Nature killed her pig and he was buried. I saved the life of my pig and he was eaten in due course. I had my reasons for not enquiring too closely into the nature of the ailment, which I called 'the jerks' for short; and of course the sulphur and not the bleeding may have cured the sufferer. But I shall always hold that the tail is the easiest and most painless way to bleed a pig."

The work of the farm was probably never so forward as it is to-day, and what has been done has been well done. The good crop prospects have had the usual effect upon the markets, and there has been a distinct weakening of values all round. The Indian crop promises to be a very large one, and there will be a big margin available for exportation. The American markets are weak in sympathy with this. To counterbalance it, however, there comes news from Australasia which speaks of a shorter crop, due to the excessive drought and bush fires. On the whole lower prices may be anticipated.



Now is the time when attention should be paid to the young wheats. After a mild, dry winter, like the past one, the roller should be kept going, and the lighter the soil the heavier should the roller be. This will consolidate the roothold of the plant, and put a stop to the ravages of the wireworm. Light harrows should follow the roller; a good harrowing just now, provided it is not done on frosty mornings, will save much hoeing and weeding later on. Clovers and annual grasses may be sown at any time now, the earlier the better when the corn crop is forward. Attention should be given to the pastures. Too often grass lands are neglected and left to take care of themselves. It has been found that basic slag, to the extent of about six or seven hundredweight per acre, has a very good effect on pastures. It should be finely ground, the finer the better, and sown evenly, to be followed by the chain-harrow.

The dispersal sale of the late Sir Windham Anstruther's greyhounds early in April will afford coursing men another opportunity of securing the best of running blood under the hammer. The sale, which will be in London, may be the last of the season. It is, by the way, rumoured that both Sir Reginald Graham and Mr. Vyner, who were present at the recent winding-up meeting of the North of England club near Ripon, will become active followers of the leash next season. Twenty years ago there were few more enthusiastic coursers than Mr. Vyner, who held a Waterloo nomination. Premier honours were however denied him, although in 1881 he ran into the last four with Vindictive, a very clever bitch. She was eventually knocked out by Princess Dagmar, who won. Three years later Mr. Vyner, who comes of a fine sporting family, returned his nomination to the committee, and retired from the sport. Sir Reginald Graham, who is closely related to the owner of the famed Netherby estate over which is held the Longtown meeting, has had no previous connection with the sport, but it is said he contemplates getting together a strong kennel. The influence of the Duke of Leeds has very quickly borne good fruit.

A result of the reception, disastrous enough, accorded to Mr. Stoddart's team in Australia has been an increased interest in the doings of the local, inter-colonial, Australian matches. We are anxious to discover, if we may, how it has come about that a team so strong—strongest, by general consent, of any that has gone over there—has suffered such heavy reverse. Yet in those other matches; New South Wales *v.* Victoria, and Victoria *v.* Tasmania (the latter match being not quite, perhaps, in the same class of cricket), we do not find on any side that utter incapacity to get the batsmen out that our own bowlers showed until Tuesday morning startled us with a welcome victory over Victoria. As yet we are obliged to say that we cannot understand it. Meanwhile we shall look forward with much interest to seeing "Stoddart's lot" in the field at the time of the Hastings cricket festival. We understand that a match with his team is one of the fixtures of that festival, and possibly it may help us to understand the unintelligible.

In respect of Rugby football England seems to be under some disadvantages compared with the other three divisions of the British Isles. Her representatives are taken from so many different clubs, that the team never attain even to a modicum of uniformity. The other teams seem to acquire each a native style. The Irish are always to be distinguished by a sort of recurrent fury in their forward rushes, the Welsh three-quarters have learnt a certain quick accuracy of passing which is quite their own, and the Scotch team are mostly conspicuous for a certain wiry toughness which has won their defensive play a very manifest superiority. It is always a question with the English team whether the individual brilliance will atone for corporate deficiencies. In last Saturday's match the Scotchmen were strong favourites owing to their victory over Ireland, but the popular opinion was hardly justified by the match. England, although they lost the services of Unwin for some time, could never be said to have had the worst of the game, and but for a succession of brilliant "tackles" by Smith, might reasonably have won. Still, on the whole, the result of a try each was fairly representative of the comparative excellence of the two sides, and, as it should be, the English try was got by Percy Royds, admittedly the finest three-quarter on the English side; while the Scotch try fell to McEwan, a forward, in which department the Scotchmen held a manifest advantage. The Rugby tie was exciting; and the easy victory of the Corinthians over Queen's Park was a welcome triumph of English amateurs.

An unfortunate young lancer, in practising tent-pegging for the Royal Military Tournament, has contrived to impale himself, and the matter has been inquired into at a coroner's inquest. We are by no means impressed with the sagacity of the inquest,

for it appears to have been necessary to elicit by questions the answer that it was by no means unusual for the peg to be missed. Of course men miss, else it were useless to hold competitions. But the impalement is far more puzzling, and with all the accounts before us, we are at a loss to understand how it happened. How a man, leaning over to the right on a horse at the gallop, and missing his peg with the butt of his lance well behind his hip, could so muddle the recovery as to be impaled upon the point of the lance, passes human understanding. The pity of the thing is that it happened; the consolation of it is that the occurrence is unique.

"A bull in a china shop" is a well-known simile, but a stag and pack of hounds in a co-operative dairy might be considered equally undesirable visitors. In the County Tipperary, lately, while the committee of one of the companies down there were in deep deliberation over the annual accounts, all thoughts of butter, milk, and profits were knocked out of the heads of the members by a stag jumping into the room. When they recovered from their astonishment, the committee had the stag evicted, he not having been duly elected a member of the board. This had barely been done when in rushed Mr. Ryan's grand pack of black and tans—the Scartheens—in full cry, and careered round the place, upsetting chairs, books, and everything. They, being also evicted, though with more difficulty than the stag, hit off the line outside, and were soon streaming away across the valley, the committee adjourning *en masse* to view the chase.

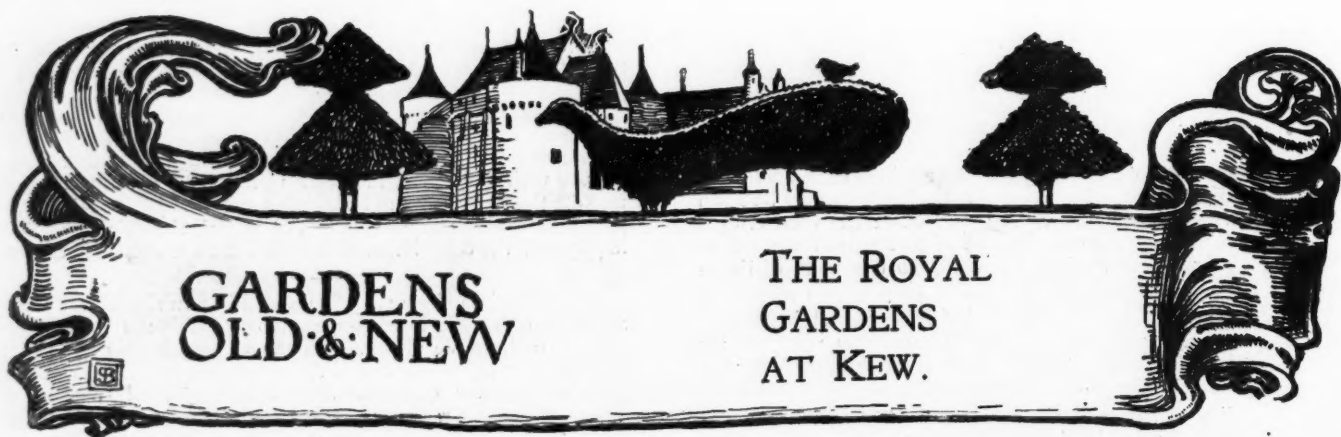
The past winter, remarkable in many respects, has been notable, amongst other things, for the number of bitterns that have been seen, heard, and now and again shot. Generally it has been in the Southern Counties that they have appeared. It is not impossible that the circumstance of a good deal of arable land being turned into grass may have the effect of bringing back into residence certain birds that once were at home here but have now to be classed among occasional visitors. It is not so much that pasture is any more directly favourable to them than plough, but that the latter requires more work, more human presence, than the grass, so that as pasture areas increase the wild things are less disturbed in their haunts.

We have seen some correspondence lately—in the *Field*, if we remember rightly—about shooters with two guns using not only a pair of different make, but actually of different calibre. Now this in itself is not so difficult to understand—a change of weapons is sometimes of great service to us, whether with cricket bat, golf club, or billiard cue—but what we do find some difficulty in understanding is how the loader managed when the two guns were of different calibre. To the shooter the difference of bore would not matter as much as difference in many other details—such as bend of stock, cast off, and so on—but to the loader, who might be expected, in the hurry of loading while a covey of partridges was scudding past, to make an occasional error in the size of cartridge he inserted, the difference of the bore would increase the difficulties not only greatly but terrifically. Surely a loader, if he is to be worthy the name, and to have the second gun ready to the instant, should not be burdened with any further responsibilities in addition to those, sufficiently heavy for the safety both of himself and of the shooter, that he bears already.

Long before Palm Sunday this year, the English "palm" is well covered with its catkins, and the catkins themselves with their beautiful golden fringes. We needed only a change in the direction of the wind, out of the east, to bring spring bursting upon us. It has come.

Probably it is in human nature never to be completely satisfied. Only a short while ago we were saying that we wanted some sharper weather to bring the trout into good condition and appetite. We seem to have had our full allowance of the sharp weather; the trout have acquired an appetite; and now we want some milder weather to let them have an opportunity of gratifying their appetite. It is certain that we can have no fly worth speaking of until the east wind that is cutting through everything at the moment of writing shall go clean away. For the moment we have a welcome change, but if we have faith in anything it is in the east winds of March.

Nevertheless the trout fishing, so far as it has gone, is fair. Lake Vyrnwy has opened well, and pat to the occasion comes an eulogy thereon in the *Badminton Magazine*. Certainly the success that has followed the introduction of "Loch Levens" into this great piece of water has been sufficient to incite other corporations to turn their town water supplies into similar sources of pleasure and profit—for your day's fishing on Lake Vyrnwy is not to be had for nothing. Rightly so, too, for it is well worth paying for.



IT has been said that no river in the world is at once so pleasantly beautiful and so rich in historical details as the Thames, and certainly its banks from Gravesend to Windsor are rich in pregnant tokens or memorials of our national history. The route from the Tower to Hampton Court is especially rich in beauty and in human interest of all kinds, and one of the best ways of reaching Kew Gardens is to follow the ancient water-way from London to Kew, passing on the way the Temple, Westminster, Lambeth, Chelsea, and Hammersmith, before reaching Kew Bridge, from which a short walk across or around the village green brings one to the gardens, which are indeed "Gardens Old and New." There are several other and more rapid ways of approach to Kew, either by the North London Railway to Kew Bridge, or you can go to Kew Gardens Station from any station on the Underground or District Railway, or again you can go right on past Kew to Richmond either by train or omnibus, and walk back along the river path, which skirts the Old Deer Park on one hand and affords a capital view of Sion House on the opposite side.

The late Richard Jeffries, in one of his most fascinating of essays, entitled "Nature near London," gives us a charming glimpse of Kew Gardens in the following words:

"A great green book, whose broad pages are illuminated with flowers, lies ever open at Kew Gardens, and is most accessible from every part of the metropolis. A short walk from Kew Station brings the visitor to the Cumberland (or Victoria) Gate. Resting for a moment upon the first seat that presents itself, it is



E. J. Wallis. GIANT OR W. INDIAN FAN PALM. Copyright.



E. J. Wallis. CYCADS IN PALM HOUSE.

Copyright.

hard to realise that London has but just been quitted. Green foliage around, green grass beneath, a pleasant sensation—not silence, but absence of jarring sound—blue sky overhead, streaks and patches of sunshine, where the branches admit the rays, wide, cool, clear shadows, and clear sweet atmosphere. The peace of green things reigns."

But Kew Garden with its green breadths of turf, its shade trees, its flowers, and its song-birds, is all this and much more. It is certainly a great green book, a refreshing pleasure for weary city workers, and all those on holiday intent, but it is much more, for Kew Garden is really and truly the English botanical clearing house for our British or Colonial possessions. To Kew come all the vegetable products of the world, and from Kew to the Colonies are sent living plants or seeds, of the useful products best fitted for their particular climates and soils; and when cultivated products fail, as did coffee in Ceylon and sugar in the West Indies, then Kew steps in with remedies, or with what is even more efficacious, viz., other profitable crops are substituted for those that have failed. Tea and cinchona, especially the former, are now profitable where coffee failed; and thanks to Kew, no British colony need wait long for a stock of plants, both useful and profitable for its soil, and the identification and distribution of economic plants forms the backbone of the really national work done at Kew. In this respect, Kew Gardens differ from all our other great London parks, for while these latter are for the most part beautiful and flowery areas devoted to recreation only, Kew carries on its





Photo. E. J. Wallis.

GARDENS OLD AND NEW; KEW; THE WATER-LILY HOUSE.

Copyright.

most useful and efficient work for our colonies quietly, but none the less ably, behind the scenes. Kew is moreover a great school or college for the highest type of gardeners or cultivators, so that go where you may, you will find men who have studied horticultural and botanical science at Kew holding the highest and most responsible positions at home and abroad.

At all times and seasons there is much to see and admire at



COCO DE MER, OR DOUBLE COCOANUT PALM.

Kew, for during the hottest of summer days you can sit or lie under the cool trees in the arboretum, and there is no day in the year so cold and wet but that the glass-houses or the various museums and the North Picture Gallery cannot be adequately enjoyed. You can stroll for an hour in the great temperate house down near the Chinese pagoda, and there see the palms, tree ferns, and various rare shrubs and plants of temperate climes, say New Zealand, North China, Japan, Chili and Peru, or from elevated mountains in warm lands, such as the Andes or the Himalayas, or you can experience the moist tropical heat of the orchid and water-lily houses, or that devoted to tropical ferns. You may smell the warm aridity of the desert or of the African plains in the structure devoted to the weird cactus and succulent plants, or you may really get vivid glimpses of the larger palms, cycads, bamboos and bananas at home in the great palm house. (It may not be generally known that the iron framework of this structure was cast and fitted at Dublin, by the late Mr. William Turner, in a yard adjacent to the Trinity College Botanical Gardens, in the Pembroke Road.) Here beneath a glass roof you may find plants from all existing tropical regions, healthy and luxuriant under our Northern sun, and the heat they need beyond that which our weak sunshine yields is supplied by the sun-heat laid up ages ago by the tropic vegetation that once grew in England and is now known to us as the coal deposits of carboniferous times.

In the large structure devoted to tropical ferns, these exquisite plants are seen in all their elegant variety of form, colour and texture. There are collections of cool ferns, of filmy ferns, and also of those that are hardy in our climate. Of all the ferns, the tree ferns are the largest and the most noble as they tower above their relatives, and throw their great fronds aloft from their velvety brown or black trunks or boles. The maiden hair ferns (*Adiantum*) alone form an extensive collection, as also do the hare's foot and squirrel's foot ferns (*Davallia*), but the choicest and most fairy-like of all the ferns, in texture, translucence, and in delicate tenuity, are the so-called filmy ferns, of which the Killarney fern is a well-known example. These filmy ferns are found on rocks and tree trunks near rivers, or in damp ravines on mountains nearly all the world over. In New Zealand, some examples of the genus *Todea* become little tree ferns, having a trunk two to three feet in height, topped by dense

fronds of velvety greenness, and as finely cut as ostrich feathers. The hair or bristle ferns (*Trichomanes*) and the fairy or wedding ferns (*Hymenophyllum*) are much smaller, and have a creeping habit on rocks, trees, and other damp surfaces. The collection of ferns at Kew is the finest known, and would alone occupy a summer's day to see and admire.

Our first illustration is a very fine one, representing a corner in the great palm house, devoted to cycads and other similar vegetation. The strap-shaped leaves in the foreground belong to some species of *Crinum*, flanked by a phoenix palm on the left, and some species of *Zamia* on the right. The two great feathery tufts behind represent *Dioon Edule* and another related species, from the thick and fleshy trunks of which a kind of sago may be prepared. Behind these again is a great fan palm, and a plant of the *Cereus peruviana* is trained up to the roof on the right, and is a fine example of its kind.

The second illustration shows a very splendid example of the fan palm series, viz., the giant *Sabal umbraculifera*, or umbrella palm of the West Indies. The palms, of which there are several hundreds of species, are found in all warm portions of the world, and some of them, such as the cocoanut, the date, the oil, and the sugar palms are of great economic and commercial importance. The same may be said of the elegant climbing palms or rattans, now largely imported and used in the finer kinds of wicker or basket work in Europe. It is singular to find that there is no modern popular history of the palms, but we have no doubt but that the Kew collection will soon be described and illustrated in one of the useful series of handbooks now sold in the garden. It is singular to find that nearly all palm leaves assume either the divided, pinnate, feather, or the entire fan-leaved style of growth and development. The whole difference between the two series depends on the growth of the midrib in the case of the feather series, while for some unexplained reason the midrib becomes suddenly stopped or arrested in its growth in the case of the fan-leaved group. There is doubtless some climatic or other reason for this marked difference, and it is a subject we recommend to those who can study the natural evolution, or adaptation of palms to their surroundings in the warm countries where they grow wild. The fan-leaved form seems to be the earliest, or most primitive, since many plumose palms, including the cocoanut, produce fan-shaped leaves from the germinating nuts, and those become feathery or pinnated which are produced later on in the life history of the same individual.

Our next illustration shows a young plant of the *Coco de mer*,



E. J. Wallis. GREAT VICTORIA WATER-LILY. Copyright.

or double-fruited cocoanut of the Seychelles, which has recently germinated at Kew—a very rare occurrence in European gardens.

Apart from the palms and orchids and ferns and cycads at Kew, there is ample provision made there for the growth of the most distinct and beautiful of aquatic or water plant vegetation. The house devoted to the growth of tropical water-lilies, the sacred lotus of India and China and the graceful papyrus of Egypt and Syria, we hope to illustrate on another occasion, but we cannot resist the opportunity of giving the accompanying view



of the great *Victoria Regia*—a gorgeous South American water-lily, named in honour of our Gracious Majesty the Queen, as long ago as 1838, when attention was drawn to its unique magnificence by the late Sir Robert Schomburgk, who had previously re-discovered the plant in British Guiana. Its leaves float on the surface of the water like huge platters, and are buoyant enough to support a man's weight under properly-regulated conditions, each leaf being often more than six feet in diameter, the edges upturned, as beautifully shown in our photograph. The flowers which are pushed up from the centre of the plant are ten or twelve inches across when fully expanded. They open pure white, and at night more especially they are deliciously fragrant. Each flower lasts three days, and gradually changes from white to pink or deep rose as it grows older day by day. This noble aquatic

is by far the largest and most distinct of all the water-lily family, and is superbly grown at Kew, Regent's Park, Glasnevin, Edinburgh, Oxford, Chatsworth, and elsewhere.

Our final illustration represents a glimpse in the cactus house, and shows a mixed group of remarkable succulent plants. The upright or columnar plants covered with spines are various kinds of *Cereus*. There is a plant of *Aloe nobilis* in front and several other species behind, all these being relatives of the plant that supplies the bitter medicinal aloes of commerce.

The other plants shown are *Dasyliirions* or grass trees, the tufted plants in the foreground being remarkable examples of the rare *Dasyliirion Hookeri* from Mexico, all the cacti being from South America, and most of the aloes from North Africa or the Cape of Good Hope.

It would take a large volume to hold a tithe of the beauty and interest that is focussed around Kew. I think I have seen the gardens under nearly all their phases, sun and shower, frost and fog, snow and sleety wind, but Kew to me is always beautiful. Kew on a warm and showery April day is as near Arcadia as one can well be in Surrey. The blue-bells throw an azure film over the young grass, and the nightingale is singing in the nearest shrub; all around is bursting bud and tender leaf, whilst every whiff of the flower-scented breeze yields a new delight and subtly suggests a world of meaning. You drift off into the thoughtland of Royal lovers and of happy or unhappy Queens. Elizabeth died at Richmond, a mile away, perhaps thinking of happy hours with her favourite Leicester here at Kew; our Queen's parents were married at Kew; the bones of Gainsborough lie near the little church on Kew Green. F. W. BURBIDGE.



E. J. Wallis.

AMERICAN AND AFRICAN SUCCULENT PLANTS.

Copyright.

## ON THE GREEN.

THE east wind has been blowing the golf ball about and making the game hard to be played by the stiffened wrists and benumbed hands of the golfers. David Brown, ex-champion of Malvern, was "under the weather," suffering from a slight chill, when he met A. Toogood, of Minchinhampton, on the Stinchcombe Hill course. The Cotswold Hills allow no possible mistake about the direction of the wind, especially when the wind is east. Toogood is resident on the neighbouring Cotswold Hill on which is perched Minchinhampton Common, with its fine inland green, so that all circumstances were in his favour, and to the disadvantage of Brown, who lost all chance of winning the match in the morning round. On this Toogood had a lead of seven holes, with a score of 79 against Brown's 86. In the afternoon the ex-champion found his game, but it was too late. Toogood would not let go any of his advantage, and won by seven up and six to play, the scores of both in the afternoon being returned at 79.

The Ranelagh Club, on its own course, beat the House of Commons team rather easily, by thirteen holes to eight—last year, if we remember right, the match between these two sides was so close that the difference of one hole decided it—but the Legislature was without its best man, Mr. H. Forster. Mr. Forster, at least, shares with Mr. John Penn the honour of starting scratch in the Parliamentary Handicap. Another very useful player whom illness prevented playing was Mr. Guy Pym. The presence of these two might likely enough have turned the balance the other way; but golf is not a game of "ifs." Mr. Neat, Mr. Onslow Traherne, and Mr. Woodbine Parish did all the work for Ranelagh, winning by four, five, and four holes respectively from Mr. John Penn, Mr. Graham Murray, and Mr. R. Cox. On the other hand, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Bevan Edwards, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Seton Karr all won their matches for the House of Commons, by four holes, two holes, one hole, and one hole respectively, from Mr. Montrose Cloete, Sir William Russell, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. J. G. Wylie. Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton is another strong player who ought to have been representing the House of Commons.

Playing at Cambridge for Blackheath, Mr. J. L. Low took a couple of holes again off Mr. H. de Zoete. All through the practice matches of the University this year there has been a constant give and take between these two, though certainly the more experienced player has the better of the exchange. But in spite of Mr. Low's win, and also an addition of two holes that Mr. Ireland won from Mr. Leathart, the Blackheath side was beaten by no less than twenty holes to eight.

In the Great Yarmouth match the University only had a single hole scored against them, by Mr. Robert Whyte. On their own behalf they scored no less than 27—a rather decisive victory. Mr. Ireland was Mr. de Zoete's opponent on this occasion, and the two played out to a tie. Mr. Leathart beat Mr. Bainbridge, and Mr. Gibson, by no means satisfied with the heavy loss that Mr. A. C. Lawrence had inflicted on him when representing Blackheath, played him again, but was beaten by a balance of five holes. Both these matches were played on the University's own course on Coldham Common.

Meanwhile Oxford have shown themselves too good for Cheltenham at Cleeve Hill, a course where the steep greens are apt to puzzle the stranger. On this occasion, contrary to their custom, the great part of the credit gain was won by the University's leaders, Mr. W. A. Henderson and Mr. Lushington, who won their matches by five holes and four holes respectively. The former played a very fine game, and was round in 76.

In a team match on the Creech green a side of the Bruton Club beat a team of the Frome Club by eleven holes to four.



THE crop of books still continues to be scanty, and I expect it to remain in that condition until Easter. Still the current week is by no means devoid of interest. In its course we shall have seen yet another history of the Malakand Field Force, by Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, issued by the house of Longmans in Paternoster Row. Messrs. Macqueen also will produce an interesting work on "Lost and Vanishing Birds," by that pleasant and learned writer who never obtrudes his learning, Mr. Charles Dixon. The principal item in the week's fiction is Mr. I. Zangwill's "Dreamers of the Ghetto" (Heinemann); but I look forward with interest also to "A Soldier of Manhattan, and his Adventures at Ticonderago and Quebec" (Smith, Elder), by J. A. Altscheler not because I know the author's work, but because I know that Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers, are particularly nice in their selection of novels, and the book which is issued with their sanction is generally above the average.

Few writers possess either the versatility or the industry of Sir Herbert Maxwell. The world knows him best as field naturalist and sportsman, and as an easy writer upon the matters which he has observed. Now Messrs. Blackwood will shortly publish a work from his pen in the form of a memoir of the Hon. Sir Charles Murray, M.P., whose experiences were as varied as the talents of his biographer. A great traveller, he lived for months the life of the Pawnee Indians; in his diplomatic capacity he became familiar with many Courts; he was the associate of Samuel Rogers, Carlyle, and Brougham. He was a Member of Parliament, but one does not want to hear much of that. Except to Members the gossip and intrigues of the House are apt to seem dull in the telling. Two other books from which something may be expected are Mrs. Baker's "Wheat in the Ear"—she writes under the name of "Alien"—and Mr. H. B.

Irving's "Judge Jeffreys." To this work, which Mr. Heinemann will publish, the young actor has devoted careful study for a long time, and, although his acting is of fair quality, one may expect his writing to be better.

I venture to advise all readers who like freshness, originality, and strength to keep their eyes open for the works of Mr. Julian Ralph, who has written some studies of English manners—he is American—and will shortly contribute to *Harper's* some articles bearing upon a recent tour in Trans-Caucasia and in Russia. He is a journalist. So, for that matter, are many fine writers of the stamp of Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Traill, Mr. Hannay, Mr. E. T. Cook, and others. But he writes well and pointedly, and his thoughts are shrewd and well expressed.

*Literature*, which is dull enough to be omniscient, tells us that "among the literary men of the day who support the Welsh literary Renaissance is Mr. W. Edwards Tirebuck, the author of the successful novel 'Miss Grace of All Souls'." In his new novel, which Messrs. Harper are about to issue, the scenes are laid mainly in Lancashire and Wales; the theme is found in the pronounced Celtic element in Lancashire life. This is a little hard to understand. Tirebuck does not sound like a Welsh name, and if Mr. Tirebuck is an Englishman, or anything except a Welshman, it seems a trifle absurd to talk of him as "supporting" the Welsh Renaissance merely because he lays the scene of a novel in Wales and Lancashire. When Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," his literary exploits were not Danish and Italian, but honest English. When Scott wrote "The Talisman" and "Count Robert of Paris," the racial triumph for an achievement in letters was Scottish, not Saracen or Constantinopolitan. It happens that I am a Celt, with variations, myself, and nothing annoys me more than the affected talk about the Celtic genius and so forth. Nobody would be better pleased than I if there were any substance in it. The truth is that the average Celt overdoes patriotic admiration for his blood-brothers. As in his local papers he will celebrate the fact that a Celtic boy has passed the preliminary examination for the Pharmaceutical Society as a national triumph, so he exalts his Celtic pigmies in literature into giants; and he becomes ridiculous. The truth is, that Ireland and Scotland have produced some very fine writers, and Wales a tolerable performer now and again, but solid old England is a long way ahead of all the Celts put together.

*Apropos* of "The Talisman," it is to be noted with pleasure that Mr. Stanley Lane Poole is about to publish the first English life of Saladin. That is good hearing. Mr. Poole may be severe as a critic, impatient of mistakes, and crushing in commentary, but he is a sound writer and a very thorough student, and his book is sure to make excellent reading.

Books to order from the library:—

- "American Wives and Husbands." G. Atherton. (Service and Paton.)
- "Three Years in Savage Africa." Lionel Deane. (Methuen.)
- "Soldiering Fifty Years Ago." Major de Winton. (*European Mail*.)
- "Admiral Camperdown." Earl Duncan. (Longmans.)
- "Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army." C. Gordon. (Sonnenschein.)
- "Dreamers of the Ghetto." I. Zangwill. (Heinemann.) LOOKER-ON.



"WHAT will the roads be like this summer?" is a question which many a cyclist may be propounding to himself just now. There are good years and bad years, and some amount of speculation is natural. It may be said at once that the prospects are encouraging. This statement is not to be interpreted as a vain attempt to predict the weather that is in store for us, and which, of course, must materially affect the roadways, according to the measure of the rainfall. But the state of the roads in summer is not a matter of summer rain alone; it is largely predetermined by the conditions that prevailed throughout the preceding winter and early spring. If we had a severe and

continuous frost it would have seriously impaired our prospects of enjoyable riding throughout the summer. Not only would the frozen condition of the ground have made the usual repairing operations impracticable at the proper time, but the widespread bursting and crumbling of the upper crust after the thaw would have reduced the roads to their worst possible state. In dry weather they would be unusually thick with dust, and in wet weather unusually heavy with mud.

With a mild winter, however, the opposite state of things prevails. The road menders can get early to work, and the new "metal" is rolled in and nicely settled down by the time summer riding has begun. The foundation, therefore, of a good cycling season is laid, and though the surface conditions must vary according to the rainfall, the latter is much less likely to do damage than if road-repairing operations had not been successfully completed in good time. With such a winter as we have just passed through there can have been no excuse for road authorities to have neglected their duty. It is doubtful if we ever had a milder, and I was particularly struck with the evidences of this fact when cruising recently in North Devon. I am not going to quote stories of early primroses and startling details as to outdoor buds and greenery; what I have in mind is the extraordinary condition of the hedges and trees. Lining the road from Ilfracombe to Lynton are miles of dwarf beeches, and these, instead of being black and bare as is normal in winter time, presented a continuous line of reddish foliage, suggesting autumn rather than early spring. As a matter of fact, these were the autumn leaves that had clung to their twigs all through the winter, because no rude blasts nor biting frosts had forced them to quit their hold and fall.

The Duke of Westminster cannot be accused of any anti-cyclist intolerance in issuing a notice to Cheshire cyclists that, unless the ordinary rules of the road are observed by those who ride through Eaton Park, that noble domain will have to be closed against them. As a matter of fact, the Duke is himself a cyclist, and a life-member of the Cyclists' Touring Club. Last year it was found necessary to issue a warning to the scorchers who abused the Duke's kindness by riding at excessive speed along the splendid roads of the Park by the Dee, and it now appears that a second notice has become necessary in consequence of the omission of certain cyclists to ring their bells. It is astonishing that any cyclist who knows the difference between good roads and bad, between ugly main roads and sylvan scenery, between the common right to the highway and the privilege of riding through private grounds, should display such unmitigated selfishness and folly as to incur the risk of having the gates of Eaton Park shut in his face. It is devoutly to be hoped that it may not become necessary to enforce the threat, which has been phrased as mildly as possible, and with an appeal to the self-respecting cyclist to assist in the suppression of the objectionable practices. If the worst came to the worst, however, it would not be the first occasion on which the many were made to suffer for the offences of the incorrigible few.

The French tax on cycles has long served as an object lesson for the vestrymen and parish councillors who would like to institute a similar impost in our own country. Ten francs a machine, however, was even more than the French could stand, and after a keen debate in the Chamber, the tax has been reduced to six francs per machine, to date from January 1st next. The voting was 291 for the reduction and 233 against. There is no doubt whatever that the tax has pressed hardly on the non-aristocratic cyclists of France, and any English wheelman who has toured in that country cannot fail to have been surprised at the few cyclists to be seen about, outside the larger towns at all events, and also to note the low quality of the machines usually ridden by French cyclists when they are encountered by the way.

It is said that officialdom in Germany has been compelled by a cyclist to give deep thought to the question, "When two streets intersect, in which is the point of intersection?" At Breslau bicycles are forbidden on certain streets. A rider, going along a street where they are allowed, followed it across a prohibited street, and was arrested in the middle of the road. He asserted that he was in one street, the policeman that he was in the other, the Lower Court that he was in neither and should not be fined, and the Upper Court that he was in both, and therefore on the forbidden street, and must be fined. Verily "the law is a hassle!" The question is capable of immediate solution from the standpoint of common-sense. If the cyclist's machine was at right angles to the forbidden street he was clearly riding in the other, to all intents and purposes, for people do not ride bicycles at right angles to the pavement. If, on the other hand, his machine was in line with the prohibited street he was in the wrong. It would be perfectly ridiculous to contend that there was no right of way across the forbidden thoroughfare.

THE PILGRIM.



### "Sweet April."

"THE Sea Flower" at the Comedy Theatre is a very wonderful play. It contains more coincidences to the square inch than even a *Something Novelette*, and everyone will acknowledge that that is a very great thing to accomplish. You see it is this way. Captain Sherwood has been in command of a small station in India, and has given orders to retreat in face of the enemy; in this retreat a large number are killed. Well, Sherwood is court-martialled and

cashiered for cowardice. But really, as Sherwood is the hero of Mr. Arthur Law's play, it naturally wasn't he at all. It was the wicked Lieutenant Trafford, who took a mean advantage of his superior officer's illness and convenient unconsciousness, and gave the command to retire as coming from him; and the worst of it is that Sherwood cannot remember whether he told Trafford to give the order or not.

A long time before the play begins, Captain Sherwood was in love with a young lady who is now the wife of Trafford. The lovers were basely betrayed by a maiden aunt, and he went

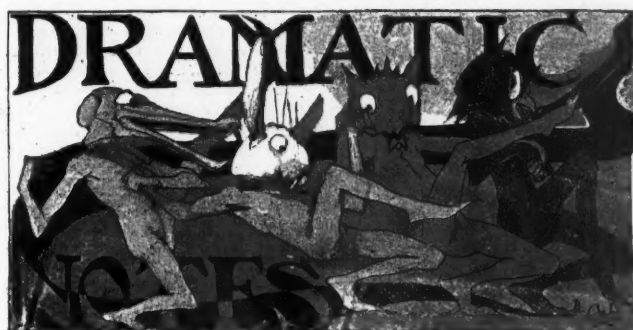


away thinking she had dismissed him, when all the while she had done nothing of the sort. So, you see, as the villain has married the woman the hero loves, the hero refuses to exonerate himself at the villain's expense, persuading himself, but not the audience, that the lady would suffer terribly if her husband were proved a coward. Considering that she does not like her husband, and loves the hero, this is a rather silly assumption; but as there would have been no play without it, I suppose the author is not to be blamed.

Thus it is that poor Sherwood is dismissed the Service and takes another name, and wanders about the world for fourteen years and is generally miserable. It should be explained at this juncture that Sherwood had been married before the piece began, that his wife had died, and that he had lost his little daughter at sea when the usual theatrical ship went down with all hands. But to continue. After a fourteen years' itinerary he happens to take a little Cornish village on his way to nowhere in particular, and finds that living hard by are Mr. Trafford, Mrs. Trafford, and a nice young man named George, son of Mr. Trafford, stepson of Mrs. Trafford; for now we learn for the first time that Trafford had also been previously married before the play began, and had a son. The *dramatis personæ* are most matrimonially inclined. He finds, too, in the care of a couple of fisher-folk who might have stepped right out of Dickens, a sweet young girl who reminds him very much of the baby in long clothes who was drowned about the time we were in the cab on the way to the theatre. April, for that is the name of the young lady, whose polysyllabic sentences are a credit to the village grammar school, is very much in love with George, but the stern parental Mr. Trafford will not hear of it. I am sure you will hardly believe me when I tell you that April is really Sherwood's long-lost daughter, picked up by the kind fisherman who happened to live close to her father's wicked enemy, and whose humble but spotlessly neat and clean cottage happens to be in a tiny village to which her papa has strolled quite by chance on one of his everlasting constitutional. The ways of Providence are indeed most wonderful.

Well, you now can see what an awful predicament everyone is in. Here is the daughter of the badly used hero in love with the son of the badly using villain. What is to be done? Mr. Law, the author, is not to be beaten. Oh, dear no! He knows how to put things right, bless you; he is a man of resource. The wicked Trafford curses his son, cuts him off with a shilling, or thereabouts, and goes off the stage to die of heart disease in plenty of time for us all to be able to catch the last train home. But this is not all. There is the poor but honest soldier man who knows all about it, knows that Sherwood was wrongfully convicted, knows that Trafford was the bold bad betrayer of his country. So he goes and tells George what a wretch his father was, and fourteen years having elapsed, and the faithful Tommy Atkins having no witnesses, and there being no corroborative evidence, George believes him at once, and heroically accepts the fact that his father was a wicked man of the deepest dye known to the average author. He promises to apprise the War Office of the real state of the case directly the curtain has fallen and he has got his "make-up" off. I do hope that the War Office will see it in the same light as he does; but officials are so red-tape bound, that I feel sure they will make some trouble about reversing the decision of the court-martial on the word of a private who has none to help him out with his story of what happened fourteen years ago. It will be very unkind of them, but I have a sort of uneasy feeling that they will. Strangely enough, on this antediluvian and conventional basis are many delightfully pretty and charming scenes. Some of this charm is due to the author, more, much more, to the artists. In Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Charles Groves, we have actresses and an actor who get so near to the heart of things that the people they personify are real and living. In Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Gladys Homfrey we have two artists who now, for the first time, have a chance of showing all that is in them. Their characters, well drawn by the author, be it said, stand out vividly; chiefly humorous, most excellently humorous, they are a breathing man and woman, they are racy of the soil, they "palpitate with actuality," to use the cant expression. So much for the general; coming to the particular, Miss Ashwell, as Mrs. Trafford, "lifts" the play whenever she is on the stage; her method is unique; there is none other who gains such effects by means so simple and convincing. Miss Eva Moore, who plays April, is another actress who possesses that art concealed which is the most charming of all; the best word to describe Miss Moore is "winsome"; winsome she is, sensitive to the most delicate shades of emotion, grave or gay. The fisherman of Mr. Charles Groves is as fine a little study as this wonderful actor has given us, and that is saying a very great deal; it is instinct with feeling, bubbling over with fun. Mr. Arthur Playfair, as a soldier servant, provides one of the best things of the play, a little masterpiece of observation and colour. Miss Homfrey, as Joan, a shrew with a kind heart, gives us a picture complete in itself.

B. L.



MISS GRACE DUDLEY, the pretty Cinderella of the pantomime at the Garrick Theatre, has, it would seem from her appearance in the ill-fated "22A, Curzon St.," wisely decided to abjure the meretricious attractions of the lighter lyric stage for the more enduring charm of comedy. Her gifts evidently lie that way, for she played the *ingenue* character—as such parts are technically described in Messrs. Brandon Thomas and John Edwards' play—with a considerable amount of promise. Miss Dudley, till recently a representative of minor roles under the management of Mr. George Edwards, has the advantage of a very prepossessing appearance, which, allied to



Photo. A. Ellis, MISS GRACE DUDLEY. Upper Baker St.

her undoubted intelligence, should make her a pleasing exponent of the charming young ladies without whom no ordinary play can exist, the young ladies whose lot it is to arouse the devotion of the handsome lover of a "light comedy" tendency.

Mr. Brandon Thomas, by his participation in the authorship of "22A, Curzon St.," has enjoyed the distinction of writing plays that have had the longest and one of the shortest runs on record; for he was, of course, the author of the happily almost forgotten "Charley's Aunt." In dubbing it so one is actuated by no ill-feeling towards Mr. Thomas; it was no fault of his that the latter piece, from the length of its career, began to get on people's nerves. Those who know Mr. Thomas have by no means lost faith in him because of his experience at the Garrick. He will write many more successful plays, or we are very much mistaken.

We have had epidemics of all sorts of fads on the stage—the ladies with lives including what is euphemistically termed a "past," romantic and distinguished-looking brigands, men unfortunate enough to possess a "shadow," and so on. Now, it seems, hypnotism is to have its day; the dark-room (no connection with photography), the spirit tapping, the mysterious medium, and the rest of the pseudo-scientific paraphernalia are to be brought into action. Not only is Sir Henry Irving going to show us how a wonderful—and surely a rather uncomfortable—physician penetrates into people's brains with an eye compared with which the X-rays must be the merest Chinese lantern, and by his optical penetration discovering the murderer who so far had eluded the Sherlock Holmeses of the locality, not only is Sir Henry going to do this, but Mr. Murray Carson, the well-known actor and author, has just secured the English rights in the French play "La Pocharde," which is founded on a real

case that only happened about twelve months ago, and in which another doctor with a divining eye ferrets out the wrong-doer and runs him to earth. The stage often sets the example in the matter of pastimes; it is to be hoped that the comparatively innocuous kodak, and the harmless, recreative bicycle, will not give place to a general philandering with the "fluence."

The new play in which Miss Louie Freear will appear strikes one as being somewhat complex, though it is only fair to say that the author, Mr. Arthur Sturges, assures us that in reality it is all as clear as noonday. When next we see her at the Royalty Theatre it will be as Julia, the heroine of the piece of that name. In it she plays herself—that is, Julia, Julia's brother Tom, and Julia disguised as her brother Tom. Is that clearly understood? Julia personates her brother in the same house as the real brother is staying. Miss Freear appears as both, also as the sister. If Miss Freear succeed in this the laurels of Mr. Alexander's *Rassendylls*, Mr. Tree's *Loversan and Laroque*, and Sir Henry Irving's *Corsican Brothers* will be outshone.

Mr. Charles Wyndham is determined to get the better this time of those naughty Pressmen who ferret out his secrets and tell an expectant public the plots of his plays before he wishes the public to know them. Until the happy time comes that a manager can keep his company locked away from the world during rehearsals, there is no method of preventing the actors and actresses so far forgetting themselves as to hold converse with prying journalists. To obviate this difficulty, Mr. Wyndham has hit on a happy idea; he is going to bolt the bars of the prison house so securely that no valuable secret can escape. He will keep his company in ignorance of the *dénouement* of the new play until a few hours before the curtain rises on the first performance; even those who are to represent it are not to know the end until then; and they will have to rehearse it right up to the beginning of the initial representation. Cabinet secrets could not be more carefully guarded; but then Cabinet secrets are rather less important than those of a theatrical manager. Anyhow, Mr. Wyndham has a perfect right to manage his business his own way. So have the journalists, and their business is to find out. Quite between ourselves, I should bet upon the journalists.

## The Late Earl of Bradford.

ORLANDO GEORGE CHARLES BRIDGEMAN, third Earl of Bradford, whose death has been universally regretted, had attained a ripe old age, for he was born as long ago as 1819. Educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he sat for South Shropshire for twenty-three years; was Lord Chamberlain from 1866 to 1868, and Master of the Horse from 1874 to 1880, and in 1885-86. He traced his pedigree directly to the famous Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the troublous middle period of the seventeenth century. The late Earl, who won a great victory over La Flèche with Sir Hugo in 1892, was an ardent patron of the Turf,



and was a member of the Jockey Club for twenty-three years. In a word, the world of sport—in the best sense of the word—has suffered a great loss; for Lord Bradford was one of the men to whom the phrase "patron of the Turf" was properly applicable; he not only spent his money but so acted that the atmosphere of racing was purified by his presence. Our illustration is from a photograph by Russell of Baker Street.



Photo. F. Oll. THE GARDEN OF TIME.

Copyright.

## BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

FOR the National Hunt Steeplechase, run at Gatwick last week, sixteen runners went to the post, only one more than half the number that contested this event when it was run at Market Harborough in the first year of its existence. Queen Bee, a stable companion of Drogheda's, and who is in the "Liverpool" with 9st. 7lb., was made favourite, but she looked bad in the paddock, and in the race she fell. They were a very moderate-looking lot, and grief was the order of the day, as out of the whole sixteen only five passed the post. First of these was Real Shamrock, who beat Royal Tyrant by a head, both horses jumping the last few fences as badly as they could. On the same day Xylophone gave Killyleagh another lift by winning the Wickham Hurdle Race; and then the well-bred Kingsclere cast-off, Rust, by Blue Green out of Ruth, took the Maiden Hurdle Race. Everything sold out of this stable invariably wins races afterwards. I have always had a sneaking fancy for The Soarer for next week's big steeplechase, and so I was the more pleased to see his stable companion, Ruric, make short work of the Stewards' Steeplechase.

The National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, the principal race on the second day at Gatwick, brought out one more runner than the National Hunt event of the first day had done, and a slightly better class lot they were, I thought. A hot favourite was at once found in Captain Bald's Ben Alder, who got home all right in the end, though Albinus, who finished second, certainly ought to have beaten him. The winner is of course Irish bred, like the first day's winner.

A long way the most interesting race of the meeting was the International Hurdle Race, although it can no longer be compared to the races which were run under the same title over the old Woodside track, when we used to see such horses as Chandos, Hesper, Hampton, Industrious, Defence, Palm, and others of that class running over hurdles, and there was betting on this particular race for a month before it was run. Still it brought out most of the best hurdlers of the day on this occasion, and resulted in an interesting race. Montauk and Stop were the two top weights, with 12st. 7lb. and 12st. 11lb. respectively, but the race was run too fast for horses burdened like this, and they never looked dangerous. Fossicker, with 11st. 8lb. on his six year old back, and Arthur Nightingall in the saddle, was naturally made favourite, but he is an impetuous brute, and although he made all the running till close home, Bird on the Wing had the best of him at the last, and won by two lengths.

We always see good sport at Kempton Park, and last week's meeting was no exception to the rule. I was glad, too, to see one of the new Welter Flat Races, which have fallen so flat owing to the neglect of the National Hunt Committee, brought off successfully. For this the Grand National favourite Manifesto went to the post, and he was certainly not disgraced in failing to beat Rampion, who can gallop to some tune when he likes. On Saturday the Kingston Hurdle Race was won by Sir Blundell Maple's useful but uncertain son of Saraband, Yorker, who finished six lengths in front of Fossicker. The winner may very likely run more generously over hurdles than he has done on the flat, and if so is sure to be very useful at the game indeed. Canvass Back won the Strawberry Hill Hurdle Race, and he, too, has a big future in front of him over the sticks. In the Staines Steeplechase that big jumping son of Boliol, March Hare, beat his solitary opponent Elbor, who fell at the last fence.

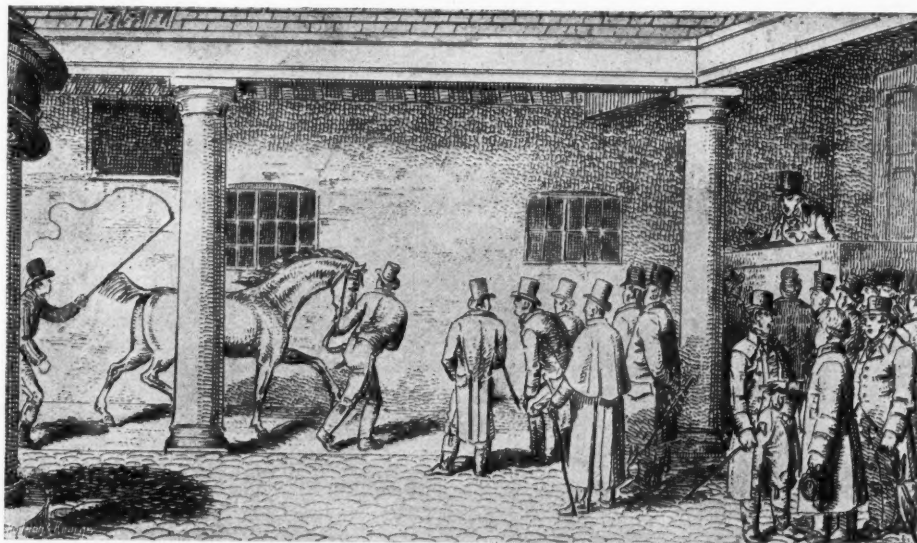


Next Friday we shall be once more assembling at Aintree to see the big steeplechase of the season run. The moment I saw the weights I declared for Timon and Gauntlet, and nothing has happened since to make me alter my opinion. It is true that something must have been wrong with the first of these

at one time, but I hear that he is all right again now, and if he is made plenty use of I think he will take a lot of beating. Gauntlet is, perhaps, the best handicapped horse in the race; he has come out of all this year's running better than any other candidate, and if he can stay the distance, and I know of no reason why he should not, he will as nearly as possible win. I wish we were likely to see "Wenty" on his back. The Soarer will be the best of the Weyhill-trained lot, and will run well too, whilst Ford of Fyne will be handy at the finish, and ought to get a place. Kingsworthy was once a good horse till he broke down, and he is a good deal fancied by his connections again now. Bugle is thought to have a great chance by her trainer, and Hob Nob's owner has backed him, whilst Grudon is not to be despised. I think they are a very moderate lot, with the exception of Gauntlet, but I cannot help having a great fancy for Timon, and I think that Ford of Fyne will be running on when most of the others have stopped.

## Tattersall's.

IF there be one name which is better known and more respected than another wherever English men foregather, either at home or abroad, wherever the thorough-bred is valued, and wherever the love of racing has been planted by the English race, it is that of Tattersall. The amount of money that is annually put into circulation in this country, and which is brought here from abroad by the existence of our blood-stock, is enormous, and any agency which takes its share in promoting this trade and increasing the value of our thorough-breds deserves well of the country. That no man, or combination of men, have ever done so much in this direction as the firm of Tattersall's will be readily admitted by everyone. It is a great many years now since one Richard Tattersall, who was descended from a good old Lancashire family, and whose ancestors were squires of Hurstwood Ridge as long ago as the fourteenth century, fled to London to escape the consequence of having taken the losing side in the unsuccessful Stuart rising of 1745. There he became manager of Beavor's Horse Repository in St. Martin's Lane, which position he continued to occupy until he was offered by the Duke of Kingston, and accepted, the appointment of Master of the Horse. In 1766 he obtained from Lord Grosvenor a ninety-nine years' lease of a plot of ground at Hyde Park Corner, and there he started the business which is now known as "Tattersall's" all the world over. "Old Tatt," as he was generally called by his intimates, died in 1795, and the business passed into the hands of his son Edmund, from whom it descended to his son Richard, a man of much importance in the days of George IV. At his death in 1859, the firm became represented by his son Richard and his nephew Edmund, the latter of whom had given up a business of his own near Newmarket to join the family firm in 1851. Richard did not survive his father for many years, and then Mr. Edmund Tattersall became the chief representative of the house and the head partner in the



A TOUR OF INSPECTION.



1796.—JOHN LADD DRIVES ROUND THE YARD.



1822.—LOOKING OUT FOR A FLIER.

world-renowned firm of "Tattersall's." This is the gentleman who has ever since carried through a vast multitude of business transactions a name absolutely without reproach, and whose recent death has caused such widespread and universal regret.

We are fortunate in being able to give three very interesting old pictures of the premises originally acquired by "Old Tatt," and which were commonly known as "The Corner." One of these, an etching by Alken, is called "Tom and Bob looking out for a good one among the deep ones," and is dated 1822. Another is a picture of "Mr. John Ladd driving a coach round the yard," and is dated 1796. A third represents the process of inspection.

The lease of "The Corner" expired in 1865, and then it was that Mr. Edmund Tattersall built the present premises at Albert Gate, where the business has ever since been carried on with increasing popularity and success. That under his direction the firm has obtained an almost complete monopoly in the sale of bloodstock is only a just reward of the business-like ability and absolute integrity with which its transactions have always been conducted, and a flattering tribute to its paramount supremacy is afforded by the fact that whenever any firm has opened an establishment for a similar purpose, it has, in almost all cases, borrowed the well-known name as the one most calculated to attract patrons and inspire confidence.

Of him who, full of years and honour, has recently cast the mantle of management upon younger shoulders, we can only say that he was a man of unswerving honour and the highest principles, in addition to which he was the kindest and most generous of friends, and there are many others we could have better spared. However, man is but mortal after all; we come and go, and the old scythe-bearer outstays us all in the end. We have lost a valued public man and a true friend, but one who will be worthily represented in the future by the sons who now reign in his stead, and it will be some consolation to us in our hours of regret to know that the honour and the interests of the house of Tattersall will be as well maintained by them as they always have been by their ancestors.

### Racing in South Africa.

By way of reminding those who are at home that, where Englishmen go, there racing goes also, we produce pictures of some famous horses at Johannesburg. Of these the first is *The Gown*, with whom Mr. Abe Bailey must have won a big stake in the Spring Handicap. This colt is a good-looking bay by Barcadine out of *The Gowan*. He was trained by Harry Croon, who went out from the late William Goater's stable at Michelgrove in Sussex, and has been eight years in the colony. The winner was sent out as a two year old, since which he has won the Trial Plate and the handicap in question, in which last he was ridden by Jack White, the popular South African light-weight, who has lately been riding with great success at the Cape Town and Port Elizabeth meetings. Another animal trained by Harry Croon, whose portrait will also be found herewith, is the four year old *Welbeck*, the property of Mr. Julius Jeppe, a burgher of the State, and a very big capitalist. *Welbeck*, as his name denotes, was bred by the Duke of Portland, and is by *Ayrshire* out of *Simplicity*. He ran second to *The Gown* in the Spring Handicap, and won the Flying Stakes on the same day. He also won the Brokers' Handicap on the second day, and finished third for the Merchants' Handicap on the third. On all these occasions he was ridden by S. Harrison, who will be remembered as having once belonged to Enoch's stable. Mr. Jeppe's colours are primrose and gold; Mr. Bailey's are black and gold hoops.

### SPORTING RECORDS ON CHINA.

SOME short time since the writer of these lines was privileged to inspect a large and choice collection of china ware dealing with sports and pastimes. The first bits of old china to attract attention were a number which illustrated the "national barbarism," as Strutt calls it, of bull-baiting. So popular was this pastime that a story is told of a Welsh clergyman who, to eke out his clerical income, kept a public-house, and to ensure a goodly company of thirsty customers, provided the irresistible attraction of a bull to be baited on Sunday afternoons after service. On some of the pottery dealing with this sport the bull had a dog hanging on to his nose, on others the dog was seen flying through space, having been tossed by the bull. Bear-baiting is illustrated by several beer-jugs, most of which hug a dog, which forms the spout, while others show a dancing Bruin, who is accompanied by the showman and the dog, while another coloured group is composed of the performing bear in charge of two showmen, together with a dog on which a child is riding, and who holds in his mouth the hat for charitable contributions. On a colour-painted mug, under

the word "cockpit," are shown a table with a couple of game-cocks, and a crowd of spectators, one of whom exclaims:—

"Come, fifty guineas I will lay  
That Ginger beats your bonny Gray."

Another jug is ornamented with Hogarth's print of the cockpit; and a large two-handled mug in white and yellow, bears this inscription:—

"May the best Cock win."

H. CORDEN,

1847,

Anglesea Arms Inn."

This H. Corden was reputed as being the last trainer of fighting cocks in the service of the Duke of Richmond, on leaving whose service he set up at

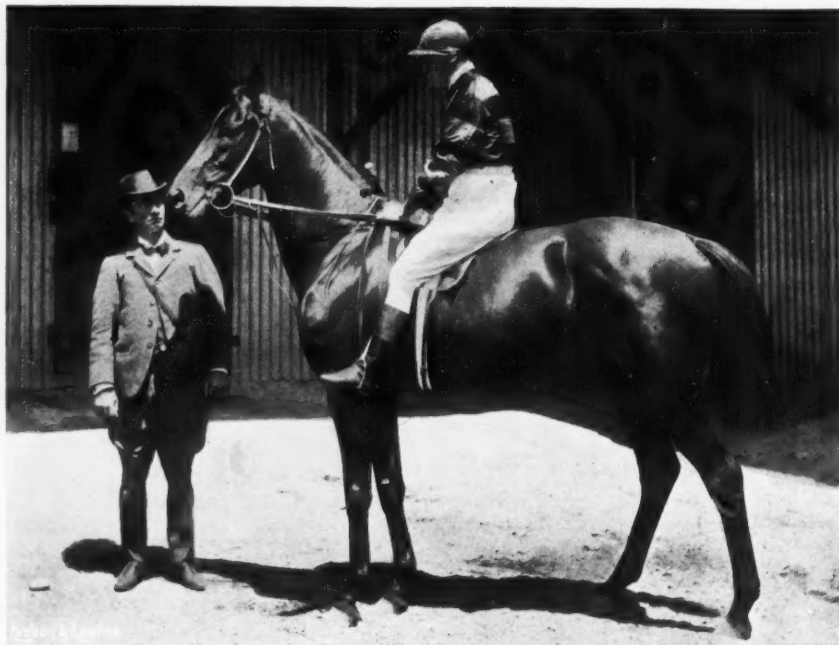


Photo. Duffus Bros.,

THE GOWN.

Johannesburg.

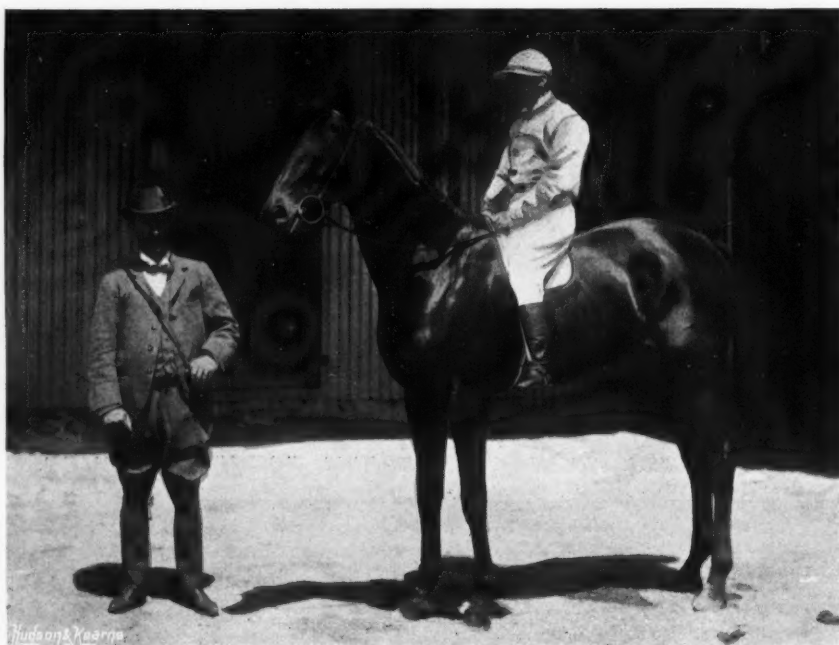


Photo. Duffus Bros.,

WELBECK.

Johannesburg.

Halnaker, near Goodwood, in a public-house known as the Anglesea Arms. The records of prize fights ever occupied a conspicuous place in sporting ceramic work, and in the collection under notice is a fine bust, 15in. high, of Ben Caunt, round the foot being the champion belt, presented to him at Jem Burns's, May, 1841, and "Champion of England, born at Hucknall Torkard, Nottinghamshire, March 22, 1815. Height, 6ft. 2½in.; weight, 15st. 4lb." The bust was modelled from life in 1844, by H. Bentley. An elaborately-painted mug shows Spring and Langan engaged in a fight which took place in Sussex, and over the picture is "Drink to England's champion, gallant Spring," and underneath is "June 8th (1824), at Chichester, in Sussex. 77 rounds." Another jug shows the historical prize fight between Humphreys and Mendoza, which took place at Odiham, in Hampshire, on Wednesday, January 9, 1788. This has a key list of names. Cribb, Molyneux, Johnson, Perrins, Sayers and Heenan are also ceremonially commemorated in this collection. On a cup can be seen a pugilistic encounter of quite another description, this being an encounter between a man and a woman, entitled, "Peggy Plumper proving her man before marriage. Who wears the Breeches?" In this are shown Peggy and "her man" indulging



in a good set-to, while a damsel near by holds the prize for the victor—a pair of breeches. The accompanying poem, given herewith, explains the whole affair:—

"Peggy Plumper, a lass well made, tall, and pretty,  
Was courted by sweet Sammy Spar, of ye City;  
They jog'd on in courtship, Sam would have gone faster,  
But Peg wo'd not wed, till she knew who was master.  
Tho', says she, we may live and ne'er quarrel for riches,  
Yet it may not be so about wearing the Breeches.  
So saying, she squar'd up, to seem very clever;  
Thinks he, for to gain her the time's now or never.  
They had several rounds, who'd the best none did know, sir,  
At last Sam gave Pegg a fair knock down blow, sir;  
Then he led her to Church, as loving as could be,  
And the Breeches remained in ye place where they should be."

Needless to remark that the kingly sport of horse-racing is represented, though it must be admitted that at times the colouring is somewhat remarkable, while coaching is also well to the fore. On one large jug is the coloured print of a coach and four, over which is written:—

"These are Sorts  
For Going";

while on another is the information that it runs between "London, Bristol, Cardiff, and Swansea," and is called the "Prince of Wales," and above all is the name "Jacob Goodwin, 1810." A third jug represents "The Royal Pilot," which ran between "Leicester, Liverpool, Kendall, Carlisle, London," and has on it the name of "Thomas Williams."

Cricketers will be interested in a cup bearing a coloured picture of the famous cricket match played at Lord's on June 10th, and following days, 1790, between the elevens of Lord Winchilsea and Lord Darnley, for 500 guineas a side, in which the players are shown as using curved clubs, and the wicket as being only two stumps; the third was added in 1817. Archery is represented by a couple of pieces, one being a cup bearing on it "The Female Archers," and beneath a party of archers, with the following lines:—

"With certain and deliberate skill  
The Fair one sends her dart;  
But with a keener weapon still  
She wounds her Strephon's heart."

Cyclists will derive some amusement from a plate in the collection under notice, which depicts a gentleman in the costume of the latest Georgian period flying along, one foot on the front wheel, the other on the back one, and steering with a long recurved handle. On the plate are these lines:—

"I scud along on this machine.  
While many a crowd is gaping seen."

And these:—

"Accelerating power,  
Gaining ten miles an hour,"

which in these days would mean the hauling of the gentleman before a magistrate for furious riding, if in the city. Needless to say, the Cockney sportsman here finds a place, he being represented as being about to fire into a swarm of bees, he exclaiming, "Damme, I'll have a blow at them; better small birds than none." A reference to the jug will show that he has already bagged a cat and other domestic animals. One of the best hits at sportsmanship is to be seen on a jug, entitled "The Taylor turned Sportsman," which bears the following lines:—

"There once was a Taylor a shooting wo'd go,  
Who before had ne'er fired a Gun we well know;  
The piece, double charg'd, hit him full on the breast,  
And gave him the attitude here as expressed;  
The gun left his hand and the birds flew away,  
And the Taylor's been sick of the sport to this day."

Another interesting jug is that with a picture of a sportsman with his dog and gun, and underneath is this curious couplet:—

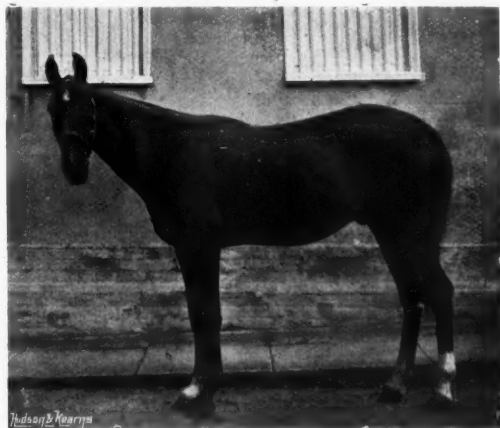
"To no other Place, of diversion I'll run,  
For ther's non can excell a dog and a gun.  
George Richardson 1771."

Artists will be pleased to note that a design by Bewick decorates a Worcester mug illustrating wild duck shooting. It will be seen from the above examples, culled from one collection only—though possibly one of the first in the kingdom—that the study of ceramics, as it illustrates our national sports and pastimes, is one of decidedly absorbing interest, which sheds much light upon the amusements and recreations of our forefathers.

## A WELL-KNOWN POLO PONY.

THE principal Indian pony race of the year, and perhaps the most important of all races in that country, except the Viceroy's Cup, is the Civil Service Cup for ponies, run at Lucknow. A great number of ponies are bought every year especially to win this race, and among them, of course, a large proportion of Arabs. Mr. Schreiber's well-known polo pony, Sir Pertab, was originally bought by Sir Pertab Singh for this purpose, but he would never quite measure, and so, being just over the height for racing, he subsequently had his attentions turned to pig-sticking and polo. Anyone who has ever been to Jodhpore will know the intense keenness of the Jodhpore princes and their subjects for all sorts of sport, and especially the two I have just named. Arabs, it is true, have little speed, but this does not apply to polo, where a pony ought never to thoroughly extend himself, and in which an active quick sort that can jump off at score, get into his stride at once, and stop or turn in his own length, is practically faster than another who could give him any amount of weight in a half-mile race but is not so quick on his legs. Arabs, therefore, are in great demand for polo, especially as they stay well, are very bold and staunch, and stand being hustled by much bigger ponies than themselves.

Sir Pertab, who is a very high caste Arab, and cost Sir Pertab Singh a big price at Bombay, might have won the Civil Service Cup and a host of other races, too, if he had ever had the chance, but he failed to get a certificate both at Bombay and Calcutta, and so his new owner took him to Jodhpore to indulge in the national sports. He had not been there



SIR PERTAB.

long before he made a name for himself at polo, and at the end of 1892 he was bought by Captain Hanwell, of the Gunners, and brought to this country, where he played in the Military Tournaments of 1893 and 1894 at Hurlingham and Ranelagh.

There are few good polo ponies which have not, at some time or another in their careers, been through the hands of the Messrs. Miller, and so it was that Sir Pertab eventually found himself at Springhill, near Rugby, where, however well he may have played before, it is quite certain that he was more or less improved. He next passed into the possession of his present owner, Mr. C. S. Schreiber, of the 1st Life Guards, by whom he was played in all last season's regimental matches, including the Inter-Regimental Tournament. It so happened that Sir Pertab Singh came over to England last year from Jodhpore, accompanied by Hurji Singh, and that brilliant poloist Dhokul Singh, for the Jubilee, and he was much interested at seeing his old favourite the first time he went on to the polo ground at Ranelagh. Sir Pertab (the pony, not the man) is a very good-looking pony, with all the best Arab characteristics, and it is a treat to see the way in which he holds his own even with the big English ponies in a scrimmage. He goes a great pace for a hundred yards, is as handy as a 13-hand pony, and always seems to know what he has got to do. His has been a varied experience of the world—the Arabian desert, a sea voyage to Bombay, a journey to Calcutta, pig-sticking and polo on the hard dusty grounds of Jodhpore, another sea voyage, and now a pampered life in England and polo on the soft velvety polo grounds of Hurlingham and Ranelagh.

OUTPOST.

## GOLF LINKS.—II. Prestwick.

PRESTWICK is a golf green retaining, perhaps better than any other in these days of triumphant democracy, those traditions which have come down from the days when golf was played and dominated by an oligarchy. It is a private green—great blessing for the initiated, seeing its propinquity to populous, golf-playing Glasgow. The little country town of Ayr, famous in Scotland for its pleasant race-meeting, is next door to it—only a few minutes' run by train, and from the station at Prestwick there is a private path to the club-house, which is but a short mashie shot from the train's halting place. So the majority of Prestwick golfers consist of gentry in the country-side or visitors who sojourn in Ayr. But there are villas in Prestwick itself which golfers rent in the season. Indeed, to rent a villa at Prestwick, and fail to be converted to golf, no matter what your former state of heresy in regard to it, is inconceivable. These links used to be of twelve holes only,



THE CADDIE.

and their features were the bold undulations of the sand-hills, the great bunkers—such as the noted "Cardinal's Nob"—and the fine quality of the putting greens, many of which lay out of sight over the hills. Then it was the greatest of fun, after playing the approach stroke, to run up to the crest of the hill and see how near the hole the ball would roll. The holes lay rather in cups, and it always seemed to be such fine play when your own ball, after a little circling round the circumference, settled down dead at the hole's side; whereas, if the same happened to the opponent's ball, it always seemed a piece of the most atrocious good luck. Prestwick was always full of incident, of pleasant chances; and though it was only a twelve-hole green, it was full of story.

It needs not to go back to the legend that gave the Cardinal's Nob its name, of the devil playing a holy man of Culgean golf for his nose. The devil prevailed, as he does at times, and probably the nose of

the holy man, who was not sufficiently holy, lies buried beneath the site of the celebrated bunker. What the devil staked against the holy nose it would be interesting to know, but we are not told. To come a little later down, "Old Tom" Morris used to play at Prestwick. Colonel Ogilvie Fairlie, living at Coodham, hard by, was a great patron of golf in those days when golf was more an affair of patronage than now. He used to make matches, with "Old Tom" as his partner, on one side, against Allan Robertson and some other amateur on the other—not generally for a nose, though always for a substantial stake. The Prestwick Club, too, was one of those that subscribed for the original champion belt, which "Young Tommy" Morris kept for his own, after a third time of winning. So Prestwick—with St. Andrews and Musselburgh, the playgrounds of the Royal and Ancient Club and of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers respectively—was one of the three links on which, in successive years, the championship of golf was originally played, for these clubs of high-sounding title were partners with the Ayrshire Club in providing the belt. And all this was in the days of the twelve-hole Prestwick course, which is evidence what a fine course it must have been.

Since then they have added six holes to the original number, and in the addition occurs that terrible range of mountains called the Himalayas, whose heads are above the perpetual bunker line, clad in bent grass and sand. The shot over them is a beauty. A burn runs at their feet, but only a disgracefully topped ball will find its waters on the outward journey, though, when a man drives home again, recrossing the Himalayas westward, he will want the best shot he has in his locker to carry him over both mountains and stream.

When you have climbed to the top of these mountainous sand-hills you may look out over the sea and view a really wonderful picture. You are on the West of Scotland now, though most golf seems to belong to the East Coast. But the West has the best of it in the matter of scenery. It cannot be bettered. There is the mouth of the Clyde lying northerly, across the smoke of Troon. More out to sea are the Cumbræes, the Kyles of Bute, and the rest; then "Arran's peaks are grey" in the due west, and there, more



Photo. by Bara,

## THE LINKS.

Ayr.

southerly, lie the Heads of Ayr. It is a beautiful, almost an unrivalled, panorama, and nothing adds a keener zest to your appreciation of it than the knowledge that your own ball is lying on the green beside the hole—which may easily be reached by a brassy shot well lofted from the tee—while your opponent is delving and playing ever so many more on the mountain-side. After recrossing the Himalayas, a dyke, as the native terms it—though the English golfer will call it a wall—which used to be the boundary of the old twelve-hole links, presents itself as a hazard to be lofted just before the green of the next hole; and along the line of this hole lies the burn, to catch a pulled shot. All these features are to be named, because they have all been acquired in course of the additional six holes, and some folks have taken on themselves to be severely critical of the addition. But eighteen such holes as Prestwick has now are certainly preferable to the twelve holes of old, no matter how excellent these last may have been, and, in fact, yet are.



Photo. Hess,

## CHARLIE HUNTER.

Ayr.

had ever won the open championship, and it seemed as if it was an honour that was always going to remain in professional keeping.

Whether the golf at Prestwick is the best in the world is an open question, and a large and invidious question. It is, at least, very excellent, and it is very likely the most pleasant in the world. It may seem selfish to say it, but this is largely because it is a private green. It is pleasant, therefore, for those who play on it, though not pleasing to those that are outside the pale. Charlie Hunter, a relative of the famous "Old Tom," is the keeper of the green and resident club-maker, and the green is always ready to do him credit. For very many years Mr. Hart has acted as the club's honorary secretary, and his labour of love has been done most zealously.

The nearest town northward from Prestwick, along the coast, is Troon. The links of Prestwick go northward from the town and club-house, those of Troon southward. Consequently they are not far from meeting at their limits; and it makes a pleasant change in the course of a week's golfing at either place to arrange a day's golf on the following lines:—Starting from Prestwick, play the first nine holes of that



Photo. by Bara,

## THE BURN.

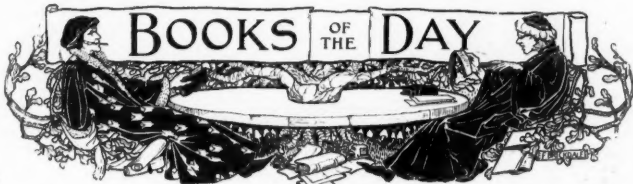
Ayr.



course; then, walking a half mile along the sand-hills to the links of Troon, play the latter nine holes of the Troon green. This brings the golfer in good appetite, after eighteen holes played, to the club-house and a luncheon at Troon. Thence, in the afternoon, he may play the first nine holes of Troon, supplementing them with the latter nine of Prestwick, and so to dine and bed—a well-spent golfing day.

The figure of the caddie that accompanies this account of Prestwick is by no means *specialty* appropriate to the western green, but the original "Fiery" is a familiar figure enough to all golfers, not only in Scotland, but even as far South as Sandwich, whither Willy Park took him as his henchman in his fight with Douglas Rolland.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



IF I have avoided precipitancy in offering any observations upon Mr. Grinling's wonderfully complete and interesting "History of the Great Northern Railway" (Methuen), the delay has not been without reason. Firstly, the claims which the book has upon public attention are abiding, not ephemeral; secondly, it bristles with facts and requires close reading; lastly, it abounds in interesting matter of various distinct classes. Primarily, it is a very complete and accurate history not only of the Great Northern Railway in its origin and in its development for the last fifty years, but also of "all the great trunk systems connecting London with the North" and the North with London; and the author is certainly justified in claiming that it is "a record hardly any part of which has previously been presented to the public." All this is interesting, albeit somewhat hard reading. But the probability is that the "general reader" (whom it is the object of the writer to serve, as the judge's marshal used to serve the judge by tasting his wine to find out whether it was poisoned) will be more attracted by the masterly account of railway diplomacy than by the mere history which the book contains. Half, nay, nine-tenths of the world continues on its daily way in blissful ignorance of the negotiations and the disputes which are in constant progress between the controlling authorities of the great railways. Conflicts before Parliamentary Committees, short as are the reports of them given by the newspapers, sound important but dull. It has been reserved for Mr. Grinling to invest them with personal and human interest. To most of us the words "Mr. Balfour Browne, Mr. Bidder, Mr. Pope, Mr. Littler," serve no other purpose than to label a few learned and acute gentlemen well versed in the mysteries of the standing orders, who live laborious lives and earn huge fees in the strict and opulent seclusion of the Parliamentary Bar. Most of us, it is to be feared, were more concerned because Sir Edward Watkin's new railway from the North at one time threatened Lord's Cricket Ground than interested in the really great issues which were decided when the Bill was in Committee. But in the light of Mr. Grinling's book the dry bones of the reports are invested with lively excitement. We read of "pitched battles," of decorous Queen's Counsel declaring "we picked the Sheffield up out of the dirt," of "impassioned speeches" by Mr. Bidder, of "conspiracies," and so forth. Again, Mr. Grinling has succeeded in clothing the East and West Coast races to the North with sporting interest and excitement. To him they are as attractive as the closest race that ever was run on the classic Downs at Epsom, and the affection for the Great Northern that is in him finds expression in words indicating the chivalrous and honourable spirit in which the Great Northern acted throughout, and implicating, one is afraid, a suspicion that such a spirit was not found elsewhere. The whole book gives us a valuable glimpse, not indeed into a new world, but into the inner workings of the railway world, from which the veil has not often been lifted before.

One takes up a new book by Mr. Rolf Boldrewood in the confident assurance of finding a rattling story of life in the Bush, with plenty of daring crime and adventure thrown in by way of spice. But after reading his "Plain Living; a Bush Idyll," I felt the sensations which must have been felt years ago by the admirers of Captain Marryat, when "Masterman Ready" astonished those who knew "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful" and "Japhet." For "Plain Living" comes upon one like a thunderbolt in the form of a goody-goody story. It is simple enough in all conscience. The Stamford family are great squatters, once rich, now mortgaged up to the hilt and on the verge of being ruined by an Australian drought. They are all, except the father, remarkably healthy, happy, and hopeful, in spite of the fact that the bank has stopped supplies. So Mr. Stamford goes to Sydney to arrange his affairs, is unsuccessful at the bank, and succeeds in getting accommodation from "The Austral Agency Company." Two other events happen to the good, the rather painfully good, Stamford in Sydney. He dines with a rich friend who, surrounded by every circumstance of wealth and splendour, is wretched because his son is a dissipated young blackguard, spoiled by wealth, and his daughter, a vain, petulant creature, is old before her time in consequence of indulgence in the fashionable frivolities of Sydney. On this Stamford moralises at length, "If I thought that wealth would bring such a blight upon my household, would so wither the tender blossoms of hope and faith, would so undermine manly endeavour and girlish graces, I would spurn it from me to-morrow." "Master William should be thankful," said Masterman Ready, "that he has a father who will take the trouble" (to teach him when he is young). In like manner Master and Miss Stamford had cause to be thankful that they had so good a father. For next day, with the long-desired rain, comes news that the good Stamford has fallen in for a very large fortune. He does not "spurn it from him," but remembering the awful example of his friend's children, he keeps his wealth secret for years and lets his children work on, which they do very prosperously for years. The whole book, in fact, is an essay on the dangers of wealth and the blessings of industry. But it is emphatically not the region of literature in which Mr. Boldrewood is powerful, and the lonely seeker after entertainment

who picks up "Plain Living" in the hope of finding exciting reading will be apt to be in the same mood as the shipwrecked mariner who, as he broached a keg thrown up by the waves, ejaculated "Rum I hopes; gin I fears; tracts by —!"

"Lady Charlotte," in inverted commas, is the name of the last book by Miss Adeline Sergeant that has come from Messrs. Hutchinson; and a pleasant and harmless book it is in the reading. But Lady Charlotte without inverted commas was by no means a person to be trifled with. Expert in letters, no mean mistress of art, traveller, landscape gardener, farmer, horsewoman, and oarswoman, she was also a good revolver shot, and at a critical stage in the story she used her reputed skill with the pistol as a weapon with which to terrify one of the most pusillanimous young sneaks that ever lived in fiction. But I am anticipating and telling Miss Sergeant's story in Gaboriau fashion, catastrophe first and explanation afterwards. There is a temptation to take this course after finishing the book, because the volume itself is so eminently readable that one likes to try to avoid the silly falsehood and incredible misunderstanding on which the whole story rests. Esther Ellison was a clever but plain young woman, with whom none the less the rich young man of the book fell in love; and her business in life was to prepare Lisa Daubeney, Lady Charlotte's niece, for University life. To her lodgings in the village came, as an uninvited and unwelcome visitor, her cousin Arthur Ellison, a lazy literary hack with whom she had formerly had a love affair. Having borrowed money from her (which the meanest men will hardly do in the case of a girl earning her own livelihood), this veritable sneak of a man proceeded to pass himself off as her brother, and she, taken aback by the sudden fashion in which he made the statement in her presence, stood by and did not expose him. For a while all went merry as a marriage bell—Arthur got into Lady Charlotte's confidence, obtained enough material to produce a biography of the famous Lord Bellfield (which was not intended to appear for a long time), stole some private documents, copied some others clandestinely, and was accepted by Lisa. Esther also became attached to the rich young man, and he to her. But Lady Charlotte was in no mood to accept Arthur as a nephew-in-law; so she called him no gentleman and bade him observe the honourable ways of his sister. The vain, mean young man promptly "split" upon Esther, and there was a general break up. Then, of course, there was general outbreak; Esther was dismissed and her engagement broken off, not to be renewed till the end of the book; Lisa was carried away abroad; Arthur went up to London and did rather well with a great publisher and his daughters; Lisa left her aunt and came up to marry Arthur; but Lisa was no longer the heiress, and it was the heiress not Lisa whom Arthur wanted to marry. So far, carrying the first foolish falsehood, all had gone much as was to be expected; but next came a series of coincidences rather too strong to be credible. Arthur compiled a clever, scandalous and false book out of the stolen materials and submitted it to Mr. Dorian, the publisher. Dorian was in the habit of getting MSS. "read" by clever ladies of title, and he sent this particular MS. to Lady Charlotte. She came up to London promptly, terrified the publisher, bearded Arthur in his delicate den, and pistol in hand frightened the cowering wretch into signing a confession written by his own hand. Then Arthur committed suicide and there was a chance for things to be set right. The whole is thoroughly well written and grips the attention; but one cannot help feeling that there is a trifle too much emphasis in the character drawing. Miss Sergeant's male rascals are too mean and too cowardly to be human; her women are too uniformly actuated by the best motives. "You are as much beneath other men as a cockroach is beneath an Archangel," said Lady Charlotte." Precisely; and that is the chief fault of the book. Between Madam Sarah Grand and Miss Sergeant the mere male is being trampled to excess.

To few men, if any, on this earth has it happened on one day to be decorated by the Sovereign with the Victoria Cross, and on the next to appear as the author, or one of the authors, of a book of considerable merit dealing with the very campaign in which the extreme and coveted honour was won. Such, however, has been the distinguished lot of Viscount Fincastle, V.C.—those are letters which I never omit designedly—who went down to Windsor on a Tuesday not long since to receive his cross, and on the Wednesday saw issue from the house of Messrs. Methuen the volume "A Frontier Campaign," for which he and Mr. Elliott-Lockhart are jointly to be praised. The phrase "considerable merit" has been used. It were, indeed, fulsome and offensive to use terms more exuberant. The book is, as its authors claim, a plain record; it would be plainer still if the syntax were better than it is. Praise Mr. Bernard Shaw, split infinitives are intolerable, and I am surprised that the "reader" of the Riverside Press should have passed this sentence: "Had it not been for the prompt action of Colonel M'Rae and the gallant behaviour of his little band, the upper portion of the camp would certainly have been rushed, and would probably have resulted in the massacre of all outside the fort." But one must not be severe upon Lord Fincastle and his friend. The profession of arms is not literary even in the days of competitive examinations, though its standard of culture is not so bad as it was in the old days when a candidate for a commission, being desired to address a letter to an imaginary tailor, expressed himself in the terms "yours faithfully," and, on being mocked, defended himself by saying, "I wasn't going to say 'yours sincerely' to a beggar like that." But apart from a boyish directness of style which leaves a few sentences to be construed according to the understanding, this is really a capital little book. It is lucid and obviously accurate; the facts have been recorded with painstaking care; the plain statement of them will give the keen students of tactics, particularly the "tactical majors" of volunteer battalions, abundant material for talk. For those who are not tacticians the little book will have another and deeper interest. It is understood that some at least of the accounts which we read in the *Times* of the operations of the Buner and Malakand Field Forces were sent by Lord Fincastle in the capacity of special correspondent. But it is none the less valuable to have a coherent account of the whole campaign. As we read it becomes more and more easy to realise the difficulties of that mountain warfare, the harassing work that our troops were called on to perform, the untiring bravery and determination which was shown by all ranks. The appendix is the saddest part of the whole. Three and a-half pages are filled with the names of officers alone killed and wounded between the 26th of July and the 21st of September in the year of Diamond Jubilee.

Mr. Thomas Haydon's "Sporting Reminiscences" (Bliss, Sands, and Co.) will no doubt appeal strongly to those who have acquaintance with racing in Australia. Personally I find the book more to my taste, perhaps because it is fresher than similar volumes of purely English birth and subject; and Mr. Haydon, though he disclaims skill in writing in the most modest fashion, writes in a breezy, rattling, go-ahead style. He has published under the advice of his friends. The result shows that his friends are wise men.

## Ancient Mills: The Decay of Wind-Mills.

IN most parts of England the wind-mills are nearly all disappearing, and their tall towers, sails, and ladder-stairs being replaced by the chimneys of the steam flour-mills. Unlike the water-mills which lie secluded in valleys, the wind-mills were always on the hill-tops, or on open flats. In either position they were a marked feature in the landscape, and gave picturesqueness and animation to the most domestic scenery.

There is a note in one of Cobbett's Rural Rides descriptive of the good town of Ipswich, which half provokes a smile, but which does justice to the wind-mills as a feature in landscape. "Immense quantities of flour are sent from the town," he notes in his "Eastern Tour." "The wind-mills on the hills around are so numerous that I counted, while standing in one place, no less than seventeen. They are all painted or washed white; the sails are black; it was a fine morning, the wind was brisk, and their twirling together added greatly to the beauty of the scene, which, having the broad and beautiful arm of the sea on the one hand, and the fields and meadows studded with farm-houses on the other, appeared to me the finest sight of the kind I ever beheld."

Though there are numbers of ruinous wind-mills, there are very few really ancient buildings of the kind. Such a thing as a Tudor or Elizabethan wind-mill, showing its age by its architecture, is unknown. This is not because the wind-mill is a modern contrivance, but because all the ancient wind-mills were built of wood, and have decayed. From an old drawing in the "Story of Alexander" in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, it is clear that the old mills were like the modern wooden mills of the simplest type, standing on one big main pillar, and with a roof in the shape of a pointed arch. Gibbon says that wind-mills were introduced from the East after the Crusades. This may be correct, but it is difficult to call to mind a single wind-mill in Africa or Palestine. Even on the Nile, where they would be most useful for pumping, ox labour and water-wheels are used instead. Two ancient wind-mills are celebrated in story—that by which Edward III. stood at Cressy will occur to most readers; but there is an earlier historical mill on English soil. When Simon de Montfort won the battle of Lewes, in 1264, the event was celebrated by a very long, well-written Latin poem, in very good rhyme, even the date being fitted into the metre, and a



Photo. Frith and Co.,

THE WIND-MILL AT WRAY COMMON.

Reigate.

short and very rude song in English. The latter is aimed at Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother, the only Englishman who was ever elected "Emperor of Germany." He was obviously hated for this, as well as unpopular for other reasons, among them being the outrage on patriotic feeling that he had garrisoned Windsor Castle with Germans, or Almaynes—"sorry ghosts" as the patriotic English poet calls these thirteenth century Uhlans. After Henry was defeated by Simon de Montfort and the party of "England for the English" at Lewes, the Earl of Cornwall defended a wind-mill, which fact forms the subject of the following early efforts at sarcastic verse:—

"The King of Almaine wende do ful well,  
He seized the mill for a castell,  
With their sharp swords he ground the steel,  
He wend (thought) that the sayles were mangonel.  
The King of Almaine gathered his host,  
Maked him a castle of a mill post,  
Brought from Almayne many a sorry ghost  
To store (garrison) Windsor."

Most of the wind-mills still working in England date from the beginning of this century, or the end of the last. It was then that the "tower" mills, built of brick or stone, began to be erected. These are fine and costly structures, very ornamental even in decay, for the towers are sometimes as much as 60 ft.

high. On the top of the tower was a wooden turn-table and roof, to which the sails were attached, and this was held automatically in the right direction by the "flyer," another small circular set of sails, which acted like the small sail set between a ship's masts to keep her head to wind when "lying to." This was usually painted in bright colours, while the sails and roof were white. The height of the tower enabled the engineer to fit the central revolving shaft with several pairs of stones, one in each story of the mill. A first-class tower-mill would have as many as six pairs of grindstones all revolving on different "decks." Besides being used for making flour, the wind-mills were put to other purposes. In the fens they were used extensively for pumping. Not even in Holland were wind-mills so numerous or so extraordinary and picturesque an element in the



Photo. Frith and Co.,

REIGATE HEATH MILL.

Reigate.



scenery as in these flats, and round towns like Yarmouth. Little mills on legs, with nothing but their sails to carry, medium-sized mills, which pumped the secondary drains and channels, and huge timber-built towers for main drainage, stood crowded together in certain parts of the canal system of these flats. These were often ruinous twenty years ago, for it was seldom worth while to remove the structure of the mills after the steam pumps were erected to take their places. The sails were nearly always of canvas, spread over lattice, and the shreds flapping in the wind on winter evenings gave a touch of ruin and melancholy to the fen-land scenery. Though replaced by steam in the fens of England, there is a great and growing crop of wind-mills in certain parts of the United States, where they are used not to pump water away from the surface, but to raise it from below for purposes of irrigation. This is in what was formerly known as the "Great Land Belt" in New Mexico, Colorado, and Northern Texas. There all the waters of the rivers flowing from the Rocky Mountains disappear below the surface; but by the aid of short borings and innumerable wind-mill pumps, this desert is now covered with small farms, each of which has its pool, filled by the wind-mill pump, and gardens, orchards, and alfalfa fields, irrigated from the pool. Highly scientific steel wind-mills, with a wind-wheel in place of sails, are also being used in this country for pumping waters from deep wells on the Downs. One very large one has just been erected by Lord Wantage above Lockinge, to supply some waterless ground on the hill. In Holland steam power has not yet banished the wind-mill, which is still one of the striking and picturesque features of the landscape. Near Zandam the writer counted thirty-seven at one time from the steamer's deck. The Dutch mills are by no means all built for grinding corn. Very many are saw-mills, working circular steel saws, which cut the "deals" imported from Norway. Many of these mills are highly-picturesque structures. The bottom story is large and circular, with a roof sloping to a blunt cone. On this is set the tower of the mill. The roof and also the sides are often covered with a thatch of reeds, which, in a few years' time, looks like velvet or brown fur. The machinery and sawing sheds are outside the mills, by the edges of the big canals on which the timber is carried in barges and sailing ships. Other Dutch mills do pumping work, others again grind linseed to make oil and cattle cake. Some crush potatoes to make spirits, and some are being erected to charge electric light accumulators. It may be doubted if wind-mills were ever very common near London. In a very old print of the city, in which a crop of traitors' heads appears on



A DUTCH MILL.

London Bridge gate, there are two wind-mills in London itself, one behind the Savoy, and a very large one, with the Royal arms on it, probably the King's mill, on Ludgate Hill. A group of mills is also seen on Hampstead Heath. Now, we believe, the nearest surviving wind-mills, two of them no longer used, are one at Wandsworth, one near Barnet, and the once famous wind-mill on Wimbledon Common. On the West Coast also are to be found wind-mills, many of them still in use, though many have been appropriated by flocks of doves. Bleak, wind-swept Anglesey shows a sky-line studded with mills. Their decay is a great loss to English country scenery of the domestic kind. In another fifty years scarcely one of the old wind-mills will survive.

C. J. CORNISH.



THE NETTED IRISES.

WE have already alluded in COUNTRY LIFE to this beautiful form of *I. reticulata*, which is well represented in the accompanying illustration, kindly sent by Messrs. Kelway and Son, Langport, Somerset. We wish this bulb were as popular as the nodding Snowdrop. It would not, perhaps, be so happy everywhere, but the rich purple-violet flowers filled with a strong and sweet fragrance are as precious as any early flower of the garden. With little trouble the bulbs succeed in pots, and a dainty adornment for the

THE LARGER NETTED IRIS (*I. reticulata major*).

room is this exquisite Iris, which may be had in bloom on Christmas Day. We have previously referred to the variety major and the way to grow *I. reticulata* and its various forms, but no doubt our readers will be interested in varieties of the species. *Cyanea* is a dainty gem, the flowers for the most part sky-blue, as indicated by the botanical name. The plant is very dwarf, but vigorous. A group of this in bloom in a sheltered nook in the rock garden is indeed welcome. *Histrio*, a native of Palestine, is a beautiful Iris, the bright blue colouring relieved by golden-yellow blotches. This flowers even earlier than *I. reticulata*. *Histrioides* is bolder and taller, the flowers of an ultramarine blue shade, and they appear earlier in the year. *Krelagei* is wanting in brightness; the dull reddish-purple colour is distinct, but we are more charmed with the rich and beautiful colouring of the species. The flowers are, however, as fragrant as the Violet. We hope another bulbous Iris (*I. Bakeriana*) allied to *I. reticulata* will be well planted in the future. It is comparatively a new introduction, and is even more sumptuous in colouring than the Netted Iris. The flowers are similar in form, the standards or the segments that stand upright being sky-blue, whilst the falls or lower segments are white, blotched, and spotted with violet. There is considerable variation in the colouring, some forms being more freely spotted than others, and the flowers exhale the same precious Violet-like fragrance. The garden loses its brightest jewels of late winter and early spring when these flowers are absent—flowers so rich in colour and rich in fragrance.

## ANNUAL FLOWERS.

The great seed sowing time has arrived, and we hope annual flowers will be sown freely to add colour and beauty to the garden. There are so many annuals that it is impossible to make a large selection in this column. We shall be pleased to assist any reader of COUNTRY LIFE who wishes to know more about this glorious family than can be described in these notes. We will, however, make mention of a few kinds of unusual value. China Asters are as effective as any annuals known to us. They give a wonderful variety of colours, and the pure white *Antirrhinum* is useful to associate with bright hues. *Bartonia aurea* (orange), *Coreopsis atrosanguinea*, *C. Drummondii*, and the dark purple *Callirhoe involucrata* make a charming group. Candytufts, the Cornflower, Sweet Sultan (*Centaurea moschata*), annual Gaillardias, Godetias, and the Linums are attractive too. The pale blue *Linum azureum* and scarlet *L. grandiflorum coccineum* are very distinct and beautiful. We enjoy a bed of the soft, grassy, blue flowered *L. azureum*, which remains long in beauty. The African Marigolds flower in autumn, when their large golden-yellow heads give a distinct colour note to bed or border. We care more for these than the rather unpleasant-smelling French Marigolds. Petunias are breezy-looking flowers, always gay and bright, even in hot summers when flowers generally droop their heads in thirsty soils. Phlox Drummondii, Stocks, Poppies, Zinnias, and the graceful

Salpiglossis complete our small but choice selection. Always sow the seed thinly and allow the seedlings ample space to develop. When crowded up strong healthy growth is impossible, and without this there are no welcome flowers.

#### PRUNING TEA ROSES.

Many beginners in Rose culture are perplexed about pruning the Tea-scented Roses. This work should not be commenced until April, when frosts are unlikely to trouble us. If the plants are grown to give show blooms prune the shoots hard back, as the object is to obtain individual specimens as faultless as possible in form and colour. But when success at the exhibition is not the desire of the Rose grower, thin out unsatisfactory shoots and leave those remaining rather long. As regards wall climbers, lay in the young ripened wood, as upon these shoots the finest flowers are produced. Thin out weakly growth and avoid overcrowding.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always ready to assist our readers in every phase of gardening. The trade are also invited to send their catalogues for notice.

## THE END OF A LONG RUN.



FOR three hours and a-half had the North Cotswold Hounds run, from Stanway, through Rowell Gate, by Cleve Hill, into Queen Wood, and through it and back again, and through it a second time, and then Reynard the fox, having shown mighty good sport, found an impregnable fortress in a roadside drain. It is not saddening, but the reverse, to find that he defied the efforts of the fox-terriers, and lived to run another day. The esteemed correspondent who sends us the clever picture of the finish of the run tells us that the Master, Captain Cyril Stacey, of Teldington Grange, the two whips, and a few others, stayed with the hounds to the bitter end, and we take leave on our part to thank him for an uncommonly clever picture which tells its story in plain terms. Mr. Fox has had enough of it for the day, so have the staunch hounds; there has been a great and even a record run. It was a happy conceit to make the sun record it.



## BEAUTIFYING OLD GARDEN WALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have many splendid walls in my garden, red-bricked, old, and picturesque, but they seem to need beautifying. Last summer on an ancient castle wall I noticed that the wild carnation and antirrhinum had become thoroughly established in the crevices, luxuriant masses hanging partly down or standing upright on the top of the wall. Each tuft gave colour to the wall, and made me desire to beautify mine in the same way. As the spring is approaching, I thought perhaps I could sow the seed of many alpine flowers in the crevices. Would you kindly advise me in your delightful journal COUNTRY LIFE, which I can assure you I hope will continue to prosper in the way it must be doing at the present time.—A WELL-WISHER.

[Many thanks for your letter. It touches upon a charming phase of gardening, and as you suggest, it is quite possible to sow seeds, indeed this is the best way of clothing old walls with flowers that will thrive under such conditions. Many plants are happier basking upon some wall than on the rock garden itself. The pink family is at home in the chinks and crevices of brickwork where there is a little soil to get established in. Antirrhinums, Cheddar pink, saxifrage, sedum, fumitory, wild carnation, wallflowers, toadflax, houseleek, and perhaps vetch would succeed. But of course many ferns may be planted—polypody, wall rue, scaly fern (Ceterach) and others could be used for garlanding the wall. It is not always the flower-beds that prove most enticing in the garden, but perhaps some old wall upon which a garden of flowers has sprung up, so thoroughly natural as to please more than the crude masses of colour one is sometimes asked to admire.—ED.]

## GRASS FOR GOLF GREEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see that your columns are properly open to discussions and questions both on gardening and on golf. The present question I wish to ask combines something of the two. Could you or any of your correspondents kindly tell me the best sort of grass seed with which to produce a good growth of turf for putting greens? —GOLFER.

[We are afraid that our correspondent's question is rather too wide to admit of a simple definite answer. Without knowing the nature of the soil it is impossible to say what sort of grass would grow best on it and would most readily produce the result desired. Agrostis is the species most generally recommended as a base, with Festuca Rubra for sandy soils, Sheep's Fescue on the chalk, and Dwarf Perennial Rye grass on the more loamy soils. This is about as good a list as can be given in a few words, but success will depend very much on the preparation of the ground before the seed is sown, care being taken to supplement those constituents of plant growth in which the soil is specially lacking. Thus lime, which would be like coals to Newcastle on a chalk soil, may well be added to loamy soils; and potash, in which a clay soil would be already rich enough, may be given to greens of other nature. Marl, to enrich a poor sandy green, is excellent, and sand to lighten a heavy soil. There is more value in these preparatory processes than most golf gardeners seem aware of.—ED.]

## GOLF LINKS: ST. ANDREWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Hutchinson is no doubt the first authority on golf of the modern type, and we would-be golfers enjoy the pleasant discourses of our specialist, but it worries us when he displays so striking a contempt for accuracy regarding such minor details as geography and history as he does in his article on St. Andrews links in your paper of the 5th inst. We like to think that our great golf prophet is infallible. He writes:—"Across the Firth of Tay, white houses gleaming in the sun show where Leven and Elie lie, both famous greens." To locate Sandwich and Westward Ho! north of St. Andrews would be quite as accurate. St. Andrews is on the north coast of Fife, and is bounded on the north by the Firth of Tay. Across the Tay lies Forfarshire, and it is true that there are white houses, but neither Elie or Leven. They are upon the southern coast of Fife itself, and turning our backs upon the Tay, and gazing southward from St. Andrews, our vision must be able to penetrate through all the uplands of the broad "Kingdom of Fife" before we can look upon these "famous greens." Had he been writing about Musselburgh or North Berwick, and substituted the Forth for the Tay, it might have done well enough; and of course he meant Carnoustie and Monifieth, both also famous greens, but it is a confusing way of putting it. Then what can be the meaning of saying that Kirkaldy was first into the square at El Teb? What square can he possibly mean? Our own force at El Teb advanced in the formation of four deep squares, against which the Arabs hurled themselves gallantly though in vain, but it is certainly a new light on the history of our Egyptian wars to learn that the Arabs ever received our attack in this formation. Mr. Hutchinson can hardly mean that there was a square, in the Belgravian sense, at the desert wells of El Teb, held by the Arabs against our troops! A few Dervishes did manage, I believe, just to penetrate our squares, but Kirkaldy cannot have been fighting for them? I wish I knew what is really meant. Speaking from memory, I think that brave golfer Kirkaldy did his duty well, at the taking of the works of Tel-el-Kebir in the earlier campaign, and this is possibly what Mr. Hutchinson had dimly in his mind. Of course, neither of these things matters so much as golf—nothing does—but in the interests of the great science itself, may a duffer beg of its pleasantest exponent to keep his eye a bit more on the ball. —AN OLD FOZZLER.

## THE FOLKLORE OF THE CUCKOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The cuckoo referred to in one of your recent notes as heard on St. Valentine's Day in Richmond Park is certainly a bird to be received *cum grano salis*; which grain should be put on his tail, that he may, if possible, be identified. But the story, whether the cuckoo be a true bird or an unfeathered biped, has called to my mind a common belief of the rustic people in this part of the country—East Sussex—that the cuckoo is a bird that is kept in a cage all the winter, and only let out in spring, by an old woman living on Ashdown Forest. No one, curiously enough, seems to know the name of this old woman, nor where she lives. It is to be supposed that there are more than one of these old women living in different parts of the country with a similar penchant for cuckoos, otherwise it seems hard to understand how the land is peopled with its cuckoos. But when you put this kind of question, bordering on criticism, to the folk of East Sussex, they relapse into their invincible stolidity and no more is to be got out of them. Possibly one of these old women with the cuckoo—can a cuckoo clock in the possession of some reputed witch have been the origin of the story?—may have let one of her pets go about on St. Valentine's Day in the neighbourhood of Richmond. But it is earlier in the year than she can generally bring herself to part with it.—CUCULUS



## STERILISED MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much obliged to your correspondent "D. E. T." in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of the 5th inst. regarding sterilised milk, and if he will be so good as to furnish me with the name and price of the sterilising machine he recommends, I should be greatly obliged.—F. LANGWORTHY.

## NORWEGIAN CARIOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am happy to be able to tell Mr. C. A. Miller, in answer to his enquiry, that I have driven very many miles in a Norwegian cariole in England, and have found it an exceedingly pleasant vehicle. It has, of course, the defects of its qualities, carrying next to no luggage, being a solitary kind of conveyance, for the back seat is so comfortless that it is but a slight compliment to ask a friend to occupy it, and requiring a good deal of room to turn in. In all other respects it is excellent for country work, running easily and being strong and light.—NORWEGIAN.

## MR. H. A. BRYDEN ON STAG-HUNTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is satisfactory to know from Mr. Balfour's own lips that the Queen's Hounds are to last yet for a while. It is much less satisfactory to note how even a sportsman like Mr. Bryden (in his article, "On the Future of Hunting," in the *Fortnightly*) can permit himself to speak slightly of a sport of which he has, I venture to think, little experience, or about which he has not thought carefully. In the first place, it is to encourage a misapprehension to speak of the carted deer as semi-domesticated; he or she is as wild as stags can be in a civilised country, and every precaution is taken (*vide* Lord Ribblesdale, *passim*) to preserve their wildness. The carted deer, when pursued, goes far and fast, and uses all the wiles of the freest Exmoor stag or hind. Another point I take exception to is that Mr. Bryden suggests that galloping after a drag would be quite as satisfactory. The drag is no more a substitute for the deer than it is for the fox. True, you go fast after a drag, and generally rush along after a deer, but that is only because the scent is stronger than is the case with fox or hare, except on very unusually good scenting days. In the case of the drag the sport depends entirely on pace, but in stag-hunting the hunting of the hounds is a most interesting and important element. I doubt, if you were to put Mr. Bryden down in the middle of a run with the Queen's or Lord Rothschild's, whether he could tell you which quarry was before hounds, except, perhaps, by the stringing of the pack. The pleasure of hunting consists greatly in the unravelling of the puzzles set to hounds by an animal with a will of its own. No sport can quite come up to fox-hunting in a grass country, but in my opinion stag-hunting shares this inferiority with hare-hunting, and even the chase of the wild stag over Exmoor. You, sir, have illustrated only recently the incomparable pack of staghounds which hunts over the Vale of Aylesbury, which is even now one of the happy hunting grounds of England. Hunting the carted deer is not a tame sport; it is not mere galloping, it is genuine *hunting*, and its chief drawback is the consciousness of the deer-cart which is lurking in bye-roads, but which we may regard as a ransom paid by sport to necessity and the Humanitarian League. It is a strange paradox that the sport most objected to on grounds of humanity is the only one wherein we seek to preserve the quarry from injury, and where his life is the safest of those who take part in the proceedings.—T. F. DALE.

## The Beavers in Sussex.

THE beaver colony at Leonardslee, of which an account and a series of illustrations appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of September 18th, 1897, continues to prosper. Sir Edmund Loder recently added some thirty or forty yards to their enclosure, lower down the stream than their original dam, which had formed a large and deep pool extending to the upper limit of the beaver part.

The beavers showed their appreciation of this addition to their territory by building a second dam, below the first. This they have also raised and strengthened. During the winter they have done most of their work at night, and their methods have been less in evidence; but they have begun one piece of work which they might as well have let alone. When they built their first dam they left an oak tree standing in the centre, which, as the dam increased in size, acted as a support. As they either cut down, or tried to cut down, all the other trees in the enclosure not protected by iron, it appeared as if they had purposely left this to support the dam.

THE BEAVER'S LAST WORK has been to cut nearly through this tree, the size of which may be judged from the figure close by. It will be seen that they have made a comfortable little platform to stand on when at work, as the sloping sticks of the



dam were uncomfortable. The stump of the tree will still act as a useful support to the old dam; but probably they desire to use the rest of the trunk and boughs to strengthen the new one. The photograph showing the present state of the dam and the cut in the tree was taken by Sir E. G. Loder.



MONDAY: It is well to be alive to-day, and London looks beautiful in spite of its bare brown trees and muddy streets. The park was gay this morning with scarlet and silver soldiers, and even the few crimson-faced bicyclists could not put me out of conceit with existence.

I observe that poodles are to be much worn this season. I came across three with their front locks tied up with different coloured ribbons; one wearing a vivid note of orange on its brow was a distinct feature on the landscape, and his mistress had paid him the compliment of imitation, having two orange choux in her small black toque. My coupé nearly ran over a pre-eminently smart little woman, obviously French, and as obviously economical. She was wearing a green plaid skirt and a short grey jacket, cut in reefer fashion in the front, with a belt of grey suede round her waist, and a very small toque made of grey velvet with two curling quills extending from the right to the left side. Her entire costume probably cost £5, but she had adjusted it to perfection. I cordially recommend the combination of green plaid and grey cloth to anyone who wants to look smart and unusual. By the way, if many of my friends adopt it, it will lose this latter virtue.

The fashion of wearing something in your hair is becoming ubiquitous, but I hope there will not be many enthusiasts so ardent as the lady who sat before me at the theatre the other night. She had five distinct decorations, one of which I wanted very badly. It was a comb which might have been an ornament, it set so closely to her hair, and was formed of a trellis of diamonds, no tortoiseshell being visible. This took almost the same outlines as the jewelled half net which was worn in the Empire period, and its charms ought certainly to be recognised at the moment when the irons have worked such havoc with our back hair that the shortened stray lock is our untidy lot. The net-work made quite soft and pliable of fine diamonds, graduated up to a point just over the ears, would be a pleasant and attractive means of concealing the ravages that Dame Fashion has worked with our curls. Another excellent means is the use of a lotion which I have just discovered, concocted by Messrs.

Dubosch and Gillingham, 285, Regent Street. The secrets of this I know not, but its effect is magical, and under its influence I am growing the thickest of new fringes on my temples. Having once given away the address of these hairdressers who have all the best virtues of their kind, I feel I should like to eulogise them at great length. Only the other day was I gazing with admiration on a coiffure they had effected, half real and half artificial, which gave unto its wearer the right touch of fashion. They do not exaggerate a style here, and those little side curls for fixing on to the neck or front of the hair are quite masterpieces of dissimulation, our own mothers would not know that the fringes did not grow there. These "Regent Palms," as they are commercially christened, will no doubt flourish over many of the proudest of beauties in the coming season.

WEDNESDAY: I have been smiling to myself all day at Essie. She has a habit of explaining to me that she is a martyr to fashion, not alone to the frocks thereof—in this I could sympathise with her—but in the social habits of her contemporaries she finds the necessity for self-sacrifice. She will call in the morning and say, "Isn't it dreadful! I must go to Sandown." All the time, of course, she is yearning to go to Sandown, and were she not why should she? Or she will complain bitterly of the dinner parties she is forced to attend, or the suppers she is compelled to give. As a giver of suppers Essie should be encouraged. There is no woman who feeds so well, there is no woman who has so good a cook and realises so sympathetically her gastronomic duties that she owes to her guests. At Christmas she will give you asparagus, the Ides of March will find her fully prepared with plover's eggs, with the first breath of spring she offers you luscious strawberries. I am somewhat greedy, I am afraid, and at the same time I am afraid I am not at all ashamed of it. She who does not appreciate the advantage of eating well may verily be accused of a want of good taste.

But Essie to-day, after she had finished complaining of the



AN EMBROIDERED LIGHT SILK DRESS.



CHECK WALKING DRESS AND HAT.

bitter merriment of her social lot, began to consult me on the advisability of giving a party which should be devoted mainly to conversation, incidentally to music which should be of the best. She ceased from her complainings for five minutes to enthuse over the charms of her new piano, which she had bought from Kaim and Sons, of 70, Berners Street. She vows it has all the virtues of every musical instrument ever yet produced, and she is yearning to ask some of her favourite musicians to come and play on it. She talked to me as if she had invented Kaim's pianos, when half the professional world has been recognising their charms for some time. But as in duty bound, Essie being older than I am, I respectfully sat out her maunderings, and we set seriously to work on making a list for the party. The peculiarity of parties is that all the people you do not want accept immediately, and all those you are yearning to entertain are engaged, or get influenza at the last moment, or are suddenly called out of town, or lose their great-grandmothers, or in some way disappoint you of their company.

Mentally, while she was making up that list, I was planning myself a new frock—I presume Essie means to invite me, although she has not mentioned it. I want a dress all chiffon frills and real lace, something soft, diaphanous and expensive, which can only be achieved by an artist, such dresses as last but for one evening, and give way at once under the severe strain of being worn. I am very tired of sequin net, but the authorities in Paris continue to smile upon it. They also smile upon lisse and chiffon dresses with inlaid medallions and designs of lace. Again I am told they have an affection for spotted net, and one of the foremost artists over there has just made a delightful frock of pale pink chenille spotted net, mounted over chiffon, lined with soft clinging satin, and traced with a pattern in pink velvet ribbon; it has a small berthe with short sleeves formed of white tulle edged with tiny little bouillonnés, a bunch of pink roses tied with a black satin chou being fastened at one side of the décolletage. It certainly sounds pleasing.